

**THE**  
*Three first bookes of Ouids*

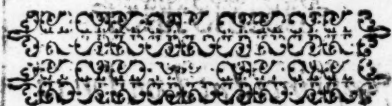
**DE TRISTIBVS,**  
translated into  
English.

**ANNO**  
1572

*Imprinted at London in*  
**FLETFSTREATE**  
neare to **S. Dunstons**  
Church by **Thomas**  
**Warhe.**

## *The occasion of this booke.*

**O**F Ouidius Naso his banishment, diuers occasions  
be supposed: but the common opinion and the most  
likely is, that Augustus Caesar then Emperour, rea-  
ding his bookes of the art of loue, misliked them so  
much that hee condemned Ouid to exile. After vvhich time  
the said Ouid as vvell in his passage on the sea, as after arrived  
in the barbarous countreyes the rather to recouer the Empe-  
rours grace, vvrote these Elegias or lamēttable verses, directing  
some to the Gods, some to Caesar, some to his vvife, some to  
his daughter, some to his frendes, some to his foes &c. And  
called this booke the booke of sorrowres: In latin, de tristibus.



ESTABLISHED

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red and tryed frende, master Christofer

Hatton Cluiper, Thomas Churchyarde wy-

sheth continuance of vertue.



**A** S I haue great desire to per-  
fourme my promyse (touching my  
whole workes of English Verses)  
good master Hatton, so I wish my  
selfe able euery waye to keepe the  
worthines of your frendship, which  
manye haue tasted and fewe can  
finde fault with all: such is the euennes of your dealing-  
ges and the vpright behauour of the same. Well, least  
I shoulde seeme to vnfold a sardell of flatterye, I re-  
turne to my matter. My booke being vnreadye, con-  
sidering I was commaunded (by a great and mighty par-  
sonage) to write the same againe, I am forced in the  
meane while to occupye your iudgemente with the rea-  
ding of an other mans worke, whose doinges of it selfe  
is sufficiente to purchase good reporte, albeit it wanted  
such a Patron as you are to defend it. The rest of that  
worke which as yet is not come forth, I purpose to pen  
and set out, crauinge a little leasure for the same. And  
surelye sir I blushe that mine owne booke beares not a  
better title, but the basenes of the matter will not suf-  
fer it to beare anye higher name, than Churchyardes  
chips,

## The Epistle.

ships; for in the same are sondrye tryffes composed in my youth, and such fruits as those dayes and my simple knowledge coulde yettel so that the aptest name for such stuffe, was as I thought, to geue my workes this title to be called Churchyardes chips to warme the wittes of his well willers. In my first booke shalbe iij. tragedies. y. tales, a dreame, a description of friendship, a fare well to the Court, the siege of Leeth, and sondry other thinges that are already written. And in my second booke shalbe iij. tragedyes, x. tales, the siege of S. Quintaynes, New banen, Calles and Gynes, and I hope the rest of all the forraine warres that I haue seene or harde of abroad shall follow in another Volume.

Thus commendinge this litle presente to your consideration, I trouble you not longe with the tediousnes of my Epistle, and wishinge you muche worshippe, good fame and blessed fortune, I bidde you moste hartely farewell.

Yours in all at command-  
mente.

Thomas Churchyarde.



## Ouid to his booke

## The first Elegia.

**M** Little booke (I blame the not) to statte to tyme shall go.  
 O cruell chaunce, that where thou go, thy maister hys not so.  
 Go now thy way: yet sute thy selfe, in sad and simple gear,  
 Such exiles weede as tyme requyre, I will that thou do weare.  
 No baslie Violet shall thou vse, nor robe of Purple hue,  
 These costlie coulours be vnfit, our careful cause to rue.  
 Weth ruddie redde dye not thy face, nor sappe of Cedar tree,  
 Such out ward hue see that thou haue, as cause affines to thee.  
 Frounce not thy feareful face I sape, nor haplesse head do strobe,  
 But roughe and rugde so shewe in sight, that pittie may prouoke,  
 Those subtill sleights be much moze meere, for volumnes borde of payne,  
 But thou of my vnfriendly fate a myzot must remayne.  
 Be not a balsty thy ruthfull blots, so set and shewe in sight,  
 That of my teares men may them iudge, to haue beerne made a right.  
 Depart thy waue and in my name, salute those blessed towers,  
 When as the fearefull foote shall fall, in Cæsars statte towers.  
 If anye be as some there are amongst the rutall route,  
 Forgetlesse frends shall aske for mee, or oughte shall seeme to doute.  
 Shape that I line: which as I do, by force of heauenly might,  
 So do confesse my troubled state, wherein thou sees me plight.  
 If further speach shall thee prouoke, or other skill they craue,  
 I charge thee then to take good heede: no wastful wordes to haue.  
 My faultie facts if anye shall, reproue perhappes to thee,  
 Or doolfull deedes in publike place condemned chaunce to bee.  
 Spend thou no speach, nor do not care, tho the ataining bzydes they bende,  
 A rightfull cause it hindreth oft, with wordes if we defende.  
 Some shall thou finde that will betwape, me thus in exile sent,  
 And reading thee with tricklinge teares, my careful case lament.  
 And in their muttringe mindes will wishe (lest wicked men may heare)  
 That Cæsars eye once set a syde, from paynes I may be cleare.  
 To such therefore as well do wishe, to vs that payne do proue,  
 To mightye Ioue wee pray likewise, like for tows to remoue.  
 All thynges thus stades in quiet state, and Cæsars grace once wonne,  
 Doth wishe my lothsome life to ende, where life I first begonne.  
 I wouke vnworthe of my witte, of thee some men will iudge,  
 And doing that I thee requyre, at thee likewise shall grudge.

Yet ought a Iudge as well to time, as matter haue regarde,  
 Which if he haue (as I do hope) thou safely shalbe harde.  
 For pleasaunt verses do proceede, from quiet resting brygne,  
 But soden sorowes mee assautes, with hughe heapes of payne,  
 A time of trouble boode it craues, a perfit verse to make,  
 But mee : the Seas, the westlinge windes, the winter wild doth shake.  
 A minde vnge free from feare it askes, in deadly doubt I stande,  
 Let that my life with sword be rest, by force of enemies hande.  
 Yet some there are that maruile will, and rightfull iudges bee,  
 When they this meane, and simple verse, with equall eyes shall see.  
 For though that Homer yet did liue, with sorowes so be set,  
 His wonted wits through malice mighte, I feare he should forget.  
 Yet shewe thy selfe (my setre booke) without regarde of fame,  
 For though per case thou dost displease, let it not thee ashame.  
 With fortune so vnfriendlye is, to hope it were in vayne,  
 That thou hereby should purchase payre, to make thre of thy gayne.  
 Whyle fortune sayde with swythen cheere, of same I had desyre,  
 And noted name on euerye syde, I sought for to acquirre.  
 A fapned verse lo now I make, and hate my hurtfull loye,  
 Let it suffice : sith that my wit, forsaketh me therfore.  
 Yet go thou on, and in my seede, the royall Rome to see,  
 God graunt that there as none of mine, they may accompt of thee,  
 And though thou there a stranger be, thincke not vnknownen to come,  
 But that amidst the unghyfe towne, thou shalbe knownen to some.  
 Thy couller wil disclose thy craft, although thou were no name,  
 By deepe deceipt or other wyle, by skill to cloke the same.  
 In priuy wyle yet passe thou in, my verse may els offende,  
 The wonted grace it clearly wantes, which I to verse did lende,  
 To reade as in me if any shal, vnwoorthy therfore deeme,  
 And from his hande to cast away, to thee by happe shall seeme.  
 Tell then the name: thou arte not hee, of loue that taught the loye,  
 That wicked worke hath felt the paynes, that it deserue before.  
 Perhappes thou loke I should the bid, the Pallace proude to clyme,  
 Where Caesar royal Court doth keepe, with pleasant pastid tyme.  
 Those Princely places and eke Gods, of pardon too I craue,  
 With from the statelge tops of them, this lightening lo we haue.  
 The time I may remember when, those Gods more gentle were,  
 Such therfore as hurtfull be, by profe of payne I feare.  
 The seely doue that once was nynde, with Gollshaukes greedy nyte,  
 Doth dread the smallest glympes of her, to flye her greuous gripe.  
 The wandxing lambe that wopowing wolfe, had caught by courage bound,  
 Escapinge then his cruell chaps, doth sleepe in shepheards sould,

Pe Phaeton would shonne the skyes, if he againe did raine,  
 Had hate the hayles whom the loude, for feare of former paine.  
 My selfe confesse that haue recide, of loue his launce a wounde,  
 Do feare the force of flaching fyre, by thonders threathing sounde.  
 Who so Capharia seekes to shon, in way from Cretian fleets,  
 That he alwayes from Eboike Seas, to winne his herne is meete.  
 My shippe that lately did escape, with thurbye flame a clappe,  
 In that same place doth hate to come, for feare of like misshappe.  
 My booke therefore beware and stande, with feareful minde in doubt,  
 And be content that thou be redde, in priuate place about.  
 While Icarus with tender winges, did clyme the starrepye skee,  
 In surging Seas he fell adowne, which haue their name thereby.  
 The Dwieler of the sayles to vse, herein to know is hard,  
 But time and cause shall counsaile thee, if thou thereto regard.  
 In idle time if thou espye, when ceased is debate,  
 And when all ire is pacified, and turnde to frendlye state.  
 Some doubting thus with fearefull face, wil thee perhappes ptesens,  
 So he with wordes the way haue made, then go where thou art sent.  
 Where happye happe God graunt thou haue, and far more lucke day,  
 Then I haue had: when thou come there, our sorowes to allay,  
 For he alone can salue my soze, of whom the wounde I haue.  
 And hurt and heale by selfe same skill, Achilles lately gaue.  
 Take heede while helpe herein thou seeke, thereby no hurt aryse,  
 For feare doth farre surmount our hope, the selfe therefore aduise.  
 In mindes to quiet bent, rene we not wraith againe,  
 Lest thou vnwares may kindle coles, to double former paine.  
 Yet when vnto my homely house, thou shalt returne to mee,  
 And in the croked thyrne be set, a place made meete for thee.  
 Thy byethzen there thou shalt behould, in order seemelye set,  
 One onelge father all they had, whom he by skill beget.  
 The rest that there in sight do shewe, by sences thou may deserue,  
 Whose names be set amids their byowes, that thou thereof may learne.  
 And thre also in priue place, do lurke in darke some den,  
 Of loue the craftye skil they teache, as it is knowen to men.  
 Those wicked wights thou shalt eschew, or if thou may, proclame,  
 For such as fathers lately slewe, by Telogonian name.  
 These thre I warne the of, if thou the father not disdaine,  
 Of loue although the waye they teache, to lone yet thou refraine.  
 And sicerene volumes moze in verse, of chaunged bodys bee,  
 Which at my funerall I had, and there bereft from mee.  
 Amonge the which transformed shapen, sape thou that I do craue,  
 That my misfortune may be set, with them a place to haue.

*Ouide de tristibus,*

Unlikely to her former bests, her altringe wondrous strange,  
For now she weepes that whilom smile, as chauce of time doth chaunge.  
Woe matter yet (if thou had aske) I had to tel beside,  
But that I feare it might be cause, to long that thou abide.  
For if nothinge that comes to minde, from thee I should detain,  
I burden farre more huge thou were, then bearers could sustaine.  
Longe is the waye therefore make hast, for we shall no we abyde,  
In furthest coast of all the earth, farre from our countrye wyde.

¶ To the Gods.

*The seconde Elegia.*

**O** Gods of Seas and Skye, for what saue (prayers may preuaile)  
Do not destroye our shaken shippes, in surginge Seas to faile.  
For do you not to Cæsars wrath, with hole assent resort,  
For him whom one God doth oppresse, an other may support.  
Thoughe Vulcane good aduerser to Troye, Apollo sought reliefe,  
And Venus was to Troyans iust, though Pallas wrought their griefe.  
So Iuno did Eneas hate, who Turnus helde full deare,  
Yet he through helpe of Venus power, from harme was saued cleare.  
The scarce Neptunus oft did seeke, to short Vlixes daies,  
Yet from her Emē Mynerua did, his life preserue alwayes.  
And though we farre inferiour be, in heauentye force and might,  
A frendlye God yet who forbids, an angrey God to spight.  
But wastfull wordes (O wretche) I spende, no good thereby arys,  
Sae that it makes the watry waues, to springe from speakers eyes.  
My painfull speache and prayers prest, the Southren winde hath rent,  
And suffers not that they do come, to Gods where they be sent.  
With one alonge cause therefore lest I be hurt, should deeme  
Both shippes and bowes I knowe not where, to beare a waye they seeme.  
What dangerous billowes now (O wretche) amids the waues we spee,  
As I forthwith should haue bene heude, to touch the flour skye.  
What vacant ballies be there set, in swallowinge Seas so wrought,  
As presentye thou lokest I should, to dier ye hell be brought.  
I looke about : saue Seas and skye, nought subiect was to sight,  
With swellinge sarges one, with cloudes, the other threatned spight.  
Betwene them both with whistling sounde, the whirling windes do rende,  
And sominge seas to whether God, do stand in doubt to bende.

Howe

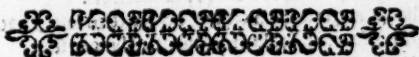
Now doth fir Eurus winds take force, at rife of morning bright,  
 Powe Zepherus is prest at hande, to waight the darchefome night.  
 Powe Borias with parching dye, from Rophzen Doole do glide,  
 Now Notus lo weth feare afflicht, doth put his force aside.  
 The gedehimselfe in donbtfull muse, what he may fies do craue,  
 Stopped stayes his wanted skil, from wjache the shippe to saue.  
 We dye therfore: no hope at al of life there doth remaine,  
 While thus I speake the bitter teares, my fearful face disaine.  
 The fouds my minde opprest while thus, in baine we prayd alas,  
 And by our careful mouth adowne, the deadly dropes do pas.  
 Why godlye wyfe it onlpe greener, in exile I am sent,  
 This one mishap alone she knowes, for this she doth lament.  
 In largell seas how I am cast, to her no feare do seeme,  
 Noz tolt weth windeas she knoweth not, noz death to neare do deeme.  
 I happer yet I did her leaue, and so my selfe auise,  
 For els (O wretched) my payne were moze, then death hane suffred twise.  
 But though that I do perishe quite, sth she in life remaine,  
 I thinke thereby my dayes to length, and halfe a life to gayne.  
 What flames (alas) with swift recourse, from skowling clouds do light?  
 What cruell washing noyse do sounde, from axe in hauen on hight?  
 No lighter blowes our shippe do beare, by furies waightye gushy,  
 Then lostye wallas when they fuselne, the Cannons cruel rushe.  
 This raging foud which hence do come, in force all fouds surmount,  
 Behinde the nint befoze the leuent, in sight we may accompt.  
 Noz death I feare though this do seeme, a wretched death to bee,  
 Set wjache asyde, a gift it is, a welcome gest to mee.  
 Somewhat it is for such as are, by swozd o: fate decapde,  
 That dying so in mouldy earth, their liueless corps be layde.  
 Their faithful frends they may exhort, and gladsome graue obtaine,  
 And not in feare to haue beene stoped, and fishes foode be laine.  
 Womit I do deserue such death? alone I am not heare?  
 Why should my grieft procure these paines, whose facts frs faults be clere?  
 O Saintrs aboue and Gods so great, which rule the waters all,  
 O epyher sozt moze meeker bee, e threathing browes let fall.  
 So life which Cxars gentle wjath, hath lent, to passe atoue,  
 Herewith I may (if you let not) at pointed place arine.  
 If any payne I haue deserude, haue you my death decreed?  
 Why fault at all no death deserues, the iudge himselfe agreed.  
 If Cxar would haue sent mee downe, to swimme in Strigian lake,  
 No helpe of you for that he needes, noz paynes therein shoud take.  
 No such enuye he doth pzetende, noz longer so for bloud,  
 Wjeth that he gaue, and may receiue, when he so thyncks it good.

## Ouide de tristibus,

And you therefore we humblye pray, that ye no harme suffere,  
Indifferent mindes herein to haue, and not encrease our payne.  
For though you would with whole assent, my wretched body saue,  
Thinke you by that for dampned soule, a helpe hereafter haue?  
Though seas were calme, though winds were still, & you O Gods cōsent,  
Yet as exild I should remayne, by Cæsars owne assent.  
I do not seeke for greedy gaine, by marchants crafty skill,  
Whereby I should occasion haue, the surging seas to till.  
For Athens lo I loke to see, where I haue sought for loye,  
For Asia mighty townes to betwe, not seeme to mee before.  
For yet to Alexandria cost, I would conuerped bee,  
That there I might (O Nilus) rest, thy pleasures there to see.  
The winds I wishe (who would beleue) my shippe in hast to dyue.  
Unto Sarmatia famous land, that there it might arriue.  
As I am bound euen so I would, to Pontus haue attayne,  
And leauing this my countrey deare, my slowe successe I playne.  
For know not in what coast to find, the towne that Tomos hight,  
And by my painefull prayers so, I take my feareful flight.  
If me you loue: then do I craue, your swellinge cloudes to tame,  
And by your heauenlye potwer permit, our shippes may saile the same.  
Or if you hate: compell me then, to pointed place to flee,  
A part of paine I thinke it is, in strangers ground to bee.  
How hale away you boisterous winds, why do we here abyde?  
And by Italia shore in sight, what causeth vs to ryde?  
Why Cæsar hath decreed my flight, will you thereto denye?  
Wherefore permit my eyes maye come, where Pontia they may spye.  
Thus hath he iudge, thus I deserue, nor what he doth repyue,  
By right or law to fend my fault, it may not me behoue.  
If doleful deedes of mortal men, to Gods be not unknowne,  
Than may you see not my offence, of wicked minde is growne.  
But if such skill they haue, and I, by error so distraight,  
My minde with ignorance and not, with wickednes was fraught.  
If any loue to Cæsars house, we simple men do beare,  
His publike helles it shall suffice, that we do dread and feare.  
If I haue told of happye dayes, wherein that he did raigne,  
To Cæsar and Cæsarians all, haue done my bushe payne.  
If I such faithfull minde haue had, so graunt (O Gods) reliefe;  
If not: to drownde in Seas I wishe, and ende my weareye griefe.  
But an I now deceyued? or do the skowling clouds waxe fayne,  
Or do the billowes breake in sight? or calme to seas repayne.



No chance but cause haue cald you here, your ayde we pray to lend,  
Worth you no fraude or craft may blind, for helpe we do attend.



¶ Hee departeth from Rome, remembreth  
the teares of his wyfe and frendes.

Eleg. 3.

**V** When I the pensile picture see, of darcke and dery night,  
And in my minde behold the Towne, from whence I toke my flight.  
O; time record, when I did leaue, my frendes and dere alyes,  
Then do the dolefull droppes discende, from my sad weeping eyes.  
The day dyne on I should depart, as Caesar wold before,  
And flee a farre to partes extreme, and shonne Italia shore.  
No time or perfit space I had, no; minde for prayer prest,  
And drowlines by long delay, had erept in carefull brest.  
No men there were to waight on mee, no care I had to reede,  
No garments meets for myne estate, no; wealth to serue my neede.  
I was aslornde: as he that feels the force of lightning flame,  
Who thincks he were of life bereft, and yet enioyes the same.  
But when this cloude of minde was gone, by sorrowe set asyde,  
And that my senses did returne, in former health to byde.  
At last my sojyre frendes I spake, when I away did passe,  
Which of a number that I had, but one or two there was.  
My louing wyfe all weeping thus, me weeping did sustaine,  
Till that by her vniwozthy cheekes, a shoure of teares did raine.  
My doughter deare was farre away, in coast of Libia land,  
And of my fate no word she knew, nor cause could vnderstand.  
A yelling and a cryngie nople did sound on euery syde,  
No secrete forme of funerall, wrythin my house did byde.  
The man the wyfe, the blamelesse babe, my dolefull death do rue,  
In euery corner of my house, a streame of teares there grue.  
If we doubt not our matters small, by greater thinges make plaine,  
As Troy when it was tane, so we, in like estate remaine.  
How whistled was the voyce of men, of dogges and euery wight,  
And Cynthia ledd the howles then, that ruld the darke some night.  
I looking vp, did cast mine eyes, the Senate house to see,  
Which next our careful cot in vaine, was built in good degree.

I. iiii.

And

*Oride de tristibus,*

And sayd (O Gods) that here do rest, and neareſt neighbours bee,  
O ſterely Temples whom mine eyes, henceforth ſhal neuer ſee.  
And you O heauentye ghaſts I leaue, in loſtrey Rome to dwell,  
For cuer here I take my leaue, and bid you al farewell.  
But (though that after greuous wounds) my ſteld to late I haue,  
Yet do vouchſafe my feareful flight, from hurtfull hate to ſaue.  
And ſaye vnto this heauenty man : by error I did fall,  
Leſt wickednes may els be thought, to haue bene n:xt with all.  
And that which you do al perceiue, let him perceiue the ſame,  
(That Gods once pleaſd) I may be ſure, to haue no wretches name.  
Theſe painefull prayers haue I made, the mighty Gods vnto,  
My wefe with moze : while ſobbing ſithes her wordes haue letted ſo.  
Before the doores with heates be ſpyed, the proſtrate ſo did lye,  
And with her mouth the Alters kiſſ, that builded are therby.  
Full manye helpeleſſe wordes ſhe ſpake, to aduers houſes than,  
Which nought at al for me preuaide, that was condemn'd man.  
The haſting night now drew away, no longer ſpace would graunt,  
Wherewith the ſtarges did turne one eye, the darkeſtyme night to daunt.  
What might I do : as loth I was, to leaue my countrey deare,  
So was the pointed night now come, and almoſt paſſed cleare.  
How oft cryed I to ſuch as then, my long delay controul,  
Why forzes you mee! why haſt you ſo ſoone hence go we now, behold.  
How often haue I ſaind likewiſe, a certaine houre to haue,  
Which for my tozney were moze ſit, and mee from danger ſaue.  
The theſhold theſe I kiſſ, and theſe I was cald backe I throw,  
My minde was dull and made no haſt, my ſerue in flight were ſlow.  
Oft times I ſayd farewell, and yet, for which I ſpeake and plaine,  
And then as parting I return'de, to kiſſe my frendes againe.  
Oft times the ſame preceptes I gaue, and being yet begilde,  
I looked backe and caſt mine eyes, to ſee my ſelpe childe.  
In ſine : what haſt : to Sirhia nowe, it is that we are ſeint,  
And Rome we leaue yet both delayes, be done of iuſt intent.  
My wefe although ſhe lue I looke, I yet do liue likewiſe,  
With houſe and members ſweete thereof, which I cannot diſpoſe.  
My ſaythfull fellows eke whom I, as brethren did eſteeme,  
Whoſe faſtned ſayth as true to mee (O Theſſyan mates I dreeme.  
Them there, in armes I did embrace, which neuer moze I might,  
Eche houre a gratefull gaine I thought, that geuen mee was that night.  
So moze delay I made, but leſt my calke imperfitt there,  
All things that I ſhould then haue ſayd, in minde recorded nere.  
While we our ſorrey ſpeech did ſpend, and while we weeped thus,  
The day ſtarre gan appeare on ſkye, a huge ſtarre to vs.

Where=

Wherewith a pangs I felt as though, my members haue loside,  
And from my body euery part, did seeme to haue bene toide.  
I playnd as Priam whilom did, when he the treason knewe,  
And saw his foes from horse to slippe, when Trojan maies they flew.  
A common crie did then arise, my frendes a roying make,  
Their careful brestes of clothing bare, with heauy hands they strake.  
Departing then: to shoulders fall, my wofe did cleane afraid,  
And with my teares her wordes she singd, and thus euen then she said.  
Thou shalt not go: together vs, to flee they shall constrayne,  
I follow thee of exiles wofe, and exile will remayne.  
The wofe is made for mee, and I, the furthest lande will see,  
And to yow passing shippes I shal, a slender burden bee.  
Caesars wrath commaunded you our countrey deate to flie,  
But loue, this godlike loue, shal Caesar geene to mee.  
Like helpelesse thinges she did asse, as oft she did before,  
And shant her weary hands she gaue, her profit to restore.  
I comming forth as one that were, depriue of rightfull graue,  
A nasse skirne, a hanging beare, a foming mouth I haue.  
Some say that she with sorowes great, at end of darke some night,  
Amids the house in frantike moode, did cast her selfe in sight.  
And that at length she roose againe, her beares in dust arayde,  
And members colde from ground she heud, as one right soze arayde.  
Sometimes her selfe, sometimes her house, she doth bewaile with all,  
And to her husband absent then, full oft by name she call.  
No lesse she weeped there then if, her woful eyes should spee,  
My daughter or my selfe made meete, on burning coles to see.  
Such care she had her death to haue, and leaue her liuing fence,  
Yet none it were respecting mine, though she so passed hence.  
But now God graunt that she do liue, such fates do so decree,  
That by her helping hand I may, the moze releued bee.  
Bootes now which keepe the bere, of Erehianthus woode,  
In Ocean sea is diued lowe, whose star doth stir the flood.  
Yet saye we not in Iouian seas, for that we so do craue,  
But are compeld by present feare, moze boldnes there to haue.  
Lo nowe (O wofe) the seas were black, the boisterous windes do beate,  
And sandes that from the depth be diuine, do burne with sowly heate.  
Our shippes with waues no lesse then hilles, is tossed to and fro,  
Our painted Gods with billowes bet, their quiet state forgo.  
The slender stes do crie and sounde, with stresse the cables crake,  
The ship it selfe with our ill happe, a fearefull groning make.  
The maister by his pale aspecte, bewaies his secrete fere,  
And ouer some pursues the shippe, by skill rules not the stere.

Aske as the fearefull ryder doth, let slip the horses rene,  
 Who peldeth to his carelesse will, and art forgotten cleane,  
 Euen so not where he would, but where the forcing water dyue,  
 The sayle I see he lettes at large, in washing waues to diue,  
 That if str Eolus had not sente his chaunged windey abyde,  
 I surely had of this beene blowen, to place that was forbyde.  
 For far from Leria coast I then, on left syde fast at hand,  
 The interdiced place we saw, and spide Italia land,  
 But let the coming seas (we pray) forbydden hope to seeke,  
 That they wryth me the Gods obey, and shew themselves more meede,  
 While speaking thus we prayde and feard, to haue beene dyue abacke,  
 With wondrous force of surdy waue, our shippe does lo did cracke,  
 O mightye Gods of barble seas, let not your ire aryse,  
 That loue hymselfe wryth me be wryth, we craue it may suffice,  
 And do you not my very mind, wryth cruell death constrayne,  
 If he that death haue suffred once, cannot depart agayne.

¶ To his constant frende.

Eleg. 4.

**Q** friend whom first among my mates, as chiefe in minde I deeme,  
 O thou that dost my heauy fate, euen as thyne owne esteeme,  
 That first releaued me I meane, amazed where I laye,  
 And boundest were wryth willing mouth, comfortyng toozds to saye,  
 Which gently gaue me counsell then, to liue and length my daye,  
 When loue of death in careful byest, had crept by sondry waye,  
 Thou knowes to whom I speake although, the name in synes I let,  
 Thy dutye and thy frendly care, no whit I do forget.  
 In deepest depth of minde, these thynges, I prynced haue full plaine,  
 I deter fill of thine I shal, for euer more remaine.  
 With wandring winds this spzyte of mine, shal passe away and see,  
 And lasing boones wryth flaminge fire, shal quite consumed bee.  
 Before that these thy good deserts, shal I kape my carefull minde,  
 O: els this godly loue wryth time, from thence away shall fynde.  
 Let mightye Gods now fauour thee, that helpe thou nede none craue,  
 And fortune farre bulike to myne, God graunt that thou may haue.  
 Pet if the shippe had sauelve said, and frendly winds had blowne,  
 This lone and earthfull frendship then, perhappes had not bene knowne.  
 Pericheus did not accompt, Duke Thefus for his frend,  
 Till that for him to Scigian lake, aloue he did descend.

Orestes so thy furges feare, full perill trials bee,  
With how true haue that Pylades, was liue in loue to thee.  
If that the stout Euryalus, with Buils had not folowd,  
The noble fame (O Nysus) then, had not ben blowne about.  
Like as the fine and perill gould, in flaming fyre is tryde,  
Euen so the loue of frendship is, in troublous time tryde.  
Whyle fortune list to simple and geue, her helping hand withall,  
And things to grounded wealth they haue, that may thereto befall.  
But when her thyming wyowes she bend, they spinke awaye and flee,  
Where hugge heapes but latetie were, not one now left we see.  
This lastful rede I learnde by us, in other that did grow,  
But now euen of myne owne mishaps, by prooffe the same I know.  
Shant two or thre my frendes you are, that of my tought remayne,  
The rest as fortunes and not mine, I do account them playne.  
You seue therfore do helpe out payre, that rest we may achine,  
And that by you our shaken shippes, in safes booye arriu.  
With faryed feare be not afrayd, a thing both sonde and vayne,  
Lest God myliking that your loue, offended do remayne.  
For Caesar oft in enmities doth, his faithfull frendshippe prayse,  
And that which in his owne, in foes, he doth approue allway.  
My cause yet better is, I haue, no aduers' in myr' woyn,  
My folowe is the cause that I, my contrie haue forloyn.  
With waking mindes our heauy haps, do you betwyle, and praye  
That Caesars raging wyath the more, thereby may haue delage.  
Who so my cares doth seeke to know, in nomber them to haue,  
I thing more hard then may be done, he seemes thereby to craue.  
So many ille to haue I bozne, as thatres in Aspours fyre,  
And litle graynes of flying dust, on parchen ground do lye.  
And many more of greater waight, we forced were to brye.  
Which though they chaunge of credit yet, in them some doubt there wyll  
Some part wherof as doth behoue, with mee must brye awaye,  
And by my meane would God were none, that might the same betwape.  
I perling speache although I had, a firme and stinte dyell,  
And greater floze of mouthes thereto, wher in more tongues dyd rest.  
Yet al in wordes I do not know, how I might comprehend,  
The thing exceeding further then any wittes may well extend.  
My troubles great (O Doctours leauid) for Duke Vllies wynght,  
Yet I more ille then he hath borne, for truth you may endight.  
In compasse small he many yeares, was tossed by and downe,  
Betweene the Grecians noble lande, and Troyans famous towne.  
But we the wydest seas haue met, and wandred euery waye,  
To Geta crickets haue here dyen, and eke Sertimas baye.

I saith

A faithfull hand Vliſſes had, with woes both true and full,  
But me my ſellſhips ſled in whom, I chiefly put my truſt.  
In merſe moode as victor then, he went his land to ſee,  
But I as victor do depart, and exile hence to flee.  
In Greece ne yet Ithacia ground, neq. Samia do, I dwell,  
From whence to be no payne it is, but may be ſuffred well.  
But Rome which from the mountaynes ſeuon, we there behold in ſight,  
Thempyre large and Gods therof, lo thence I take my flight.  
I bode ſtrong Vliſſes had, that laboz could ſuſtayne,  
I ſmal and ſlender corps I haue, with weeke and tender hapnes.  
To cruell warres and marſhall deedes, hath he berne uſed alwayes,  
In quiet ſtude haue I dwelt, and liued of my dayes.  
The greateſt God oppreſſeth me, to whom no God reſort,  
But Pallas him aſſiſted ſtill, and did his cauſe ſupport.  
Neptunus iſe the God of Seas, haue groued him right ſore,  
But me Almighty Ioue oppreſſe, whoſe wrath euengrith more.  
The greateſt part of his now be, ſo ſables counted playne,  
Of our miſhappes no part at all, for leſſing do remaine.  
In ſine, euen as he did deſire, at pointed place ature,  
Which long he wiſt: right ſo he did, at length attaine aliu.  
But I my countrie deare do thinke, now neuer more to ſee,  
Vnleſſe the ire of angrey Gods, appearen happy to bere.

¶ To his wyfe. Elegia. 5.

**C**Alimachus did not ſa b urne, with loue to Lyda ſent,  
Nor yet ſo ſore Phylaxes had, his hart on Battis bent.  
As the (O mate moſt true) my beſt; with in I deeply grane,  
Which worthe art a better not, but happier husband haue.  
I falling ſaſt by the do hould, as by abootfull beame,  
The giſt it is, what I haue ſcapt, a part of troubles ſtreame.  
Thou art the cauſe, I am no may, to ſuch as ſeeks to ſee,  
The letters brought that might declare, the too ſull wpacke of mee.  
Like as the wolfe that floud deſires, when hunger hard do picke,  
Of ſeele ſheep that be inkept, the fleſh full ſapient wound like.  
Or as the greedy Grype bypon, the carefull coyes doth ſtare,  
When on the grounde he ſees it ipe, and left vnburned bare.  
So one there was I know not who, my hard hap did miſtruſt,  
Vpon my goodnes if thou liſt not, his hands had lapde vniuſt.  
But him the vertue did withſtand, by force of ſtands ſtil true,  
To whom no chance we render may, as to their deedes is due.



In carefull case a witness true, thy deedes therfore doth praise,  
If witness do perchance ppenale, in these our dolefull dayes.  
In vertuous life Andromacha, thy name doth not distaine,  
For Laodamia who did leaue, her life with hus bande staine.  
If Homer thou had hapt vpon, thy fame should farre exceede,  
About the chaste Penelopeis, of whom in him we reade.  
But if these maners meeke the Gods, did geue thee all vntaught,  
And in the daye of blissefull birth, of nature thou them caught.  
O els the matrone most to praise, on whom thou waighest lenge,  
Impror did thee make to be, all honest wiuers amonge.  
And to her selfe with custome longe, hath caused thee like to seeme,  
By greater thinges of matters small, we doubt not for to deeme.  
Full woo I am my verse hath not, more force in such a case,  
And that my tongue doth not suffice, thy farthfull factes to blase.  
For loke what liuelye stents of minde, afoze in mee there spronge,  
Is quenched quite and fallen away, with sorrowes soze and longe.  
The cheefe amonge the Ladies of, great fame thou mightest sit,  
And of all men be lokt vpon, for vertue and for wit.  
And so what power my penne maye haue, when verse I do indyte,  
From time to time thou shalt aye liue, in verse that I can wyte.

To his frendes that ware his Image ingraude.

Elegia. 6.

What frende thou be that Image haue, in forme made like to mee,  
No Garlands gape with Iure wrought, about his head let be.  
These happye synes most comlye be, that pleasaunt Poets were,  
My troublous time is farre vnfitte, the Latorell crowne to beare.  
And thou that beares about of mee, in rings the picture prest,  
Sayne if these thinges were neuer spoke, althonghe thou knowes them best.  
The countenance deare of mee, that am, in exile sent beholde,  
The likenes of my louring lookes, which thou hast graude in gould.  
Whereon when thou shalt cast thine eyes, then haplye thou may say,  
Howe farre from vs is Naso now, our felloeue sent away.  
Thy loue I well alove but yet, my verses print moze plaine  
My forme : which as they be, I bid, to reade do not disbayne.  
My verse I saye that doth declare, howe men straung shapcs vnto hade,  
Unhappye woike whose master fled, and left vnperfit made.  
The same with heauy hande full sadde, in flaming feze I thrust,  
With much moze of my greuous goods, when needes depart I must.

And

## Ouid de tristibus.

And as they say that Thestias, did burne with fatall fire,  
Her sonne : and sister kinder was, then mother moude w<sup>th</sup> ire.  
So I my booke my bowels deare, which no desert did show,  
To dye away with mee did then, in flashing flames beslowe.  
Which e<sup>th</sup>er was because my muse, as hurtfull I did hate,  
Or els for that my verse was rude, and not in perfit state.  
Which as they be not quite extinct, but part<sup>ly</sup> yet appere,  
In volumes mo then one I thincke, that then they w<sup>rit</sup>ten were.  
So now I wishe them still remayne, none idle slouth that bee,  
The reader to delight but may, remember him of mee.  
But yet no man with patient eares, to read them can abide,  
Except he know that vncorrect, from me the same did slide.  
That worke was pluckt away when halfe, he had his labour spent;  
The trimming trick that last should come, my w<sup>rit</sup>tings clearely want.  
For painted prayse thy pardon craue, thy prayse shall wel suffice,  
If thou that chaunce to reade this booke, my worke do not despise,  
And here also sixe verses haue, which if thou thincke it best,  
In foremost front of that my booke, see that thou let them rest.  
What man thou be these volumes touch, of father now bereft,  
I lest w<sup>e</sup>le graunt within your house, a place for them be left.  
And that thou should more fauor them, of him they were not sent,  
In vnblike p<sup>re</sup>ase : but as it were, the maisters herse of rent,  
If that vnlearned verse therefore, shal shew forth any crime,  
The maister would haue mended it, if he had longer time.

¶ To his frende that breake his promise.

Eleg. 7.

**T**he freshe fouds shal from Seas retire, againe their springs vnto,  
So shal the sonne w<sup>th</sup> horses tourn<sup>d</sup>, his course reuoke also.  
The earth shal eke the bright starre beare, & eze the plow shal cleue,  
The water shal bringe forth the flames, and feze shall water geue.  
All things shal now by natures lawes, in order straunge p<sup>ro</sup>ceade,  
No part and of this wandring world, his way aright shal leade.  
All thinges shal come to passe which I, denepd afoze could bee.  
For nothing is so straung to heare, but we may hope to see.  
It shall be so I gesse because, of him I am reicte.  
Whose helpe I hoped now that should, my wofull cause protecte.  
A fapible frende how came so great, forgetfulness of mee,  
Why were thou then so soze afraid, my carefull coppes to see?

¶

That once againe thou might not loke, nor comfort me oppress,  
 For yet (harde hart) my funerals, pursue among the rest.  
 The sacrede name of frendshype sayre, that all men do adore,  
 Under thy foote thou lettest lye, as thing of little store.  
 And though thou did no teares let fall, for this my sojyre plight,  
 Yet far from hart some words to say, with fained grieve thou might.  
 We lest wyse that which straungers did, then bid we wel to fare,  
 With peoples boyce and publike speache, agree that goodwill bare.  
 And then that face with morning fret, no more in sight tappare,  
 While yet thou mightest to loke vpon, the last day I was there.  
 To take and geue wryth talke alike, our farewel in such case,  
 Which once we might and then no more, while world endures embrace.  
 As others mo which with no league, of frendshype I had bound,  
 Who then declarde their grieve of minde, with trickling teares on ground.  
 Where els should I to the be knit, wryth life in common led,  
 With causes eke of great effect, and loue in long time byed.  
 Why els knewe thou so many bourds, and earnest actes of myne,  
 And I so manye matters said, and pleasaunt pranks of thyne.  
 What if alone at ropall Rome, our frendship had beene knit,  
 But thou so oft in euerye place, was cald a fellow sit.  
 With wylsome windegs of seas in bayne, haue all these taken flight?  
 Or els all thinges in Leathe lake, are bounde wryth darcksome night.  
 I thincke in towne thou were not bozne, that Rome of Quirine hight,  
 I towne alas whereto come, I maye not woful wight.  
 But in the rockes which here do lye, on left syde of the Sea,  
 In croked craggies of Sarmatis, in lande of Sythia.  
 That in thy hart be heaped highe, of flint the stonpe baynes,  
 And eke of tron the seedes so hard, wryth in thy brest remaynes.  
 The nourse also which gaue the sucke, through tender mouth to pas,  
 Wryth fruitfull teares when thou wert yonge, bntained Tyger was.  
 For els thou would not lesse regard, the heauye happe I beare,  
 Then straungers ill: nor gilte yet, of rego: rough appeare.  
 But spce the same my fatall fall, and sozrowes do encrease,  
 That frendship shoud in his first tyme, from dutey doing sease.  
 Now cause I may forget thy fault, and then I shal againe,  
 Wryth selfe same tongue the kindnesse praye, that I do now complayne.

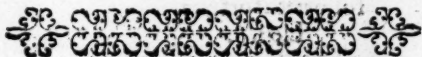
¶ To his frende that the common people  
followeth fortune.

Eleg. 8.

All boyde

*Ouid de tristibus.*

**A**ll hope of griefe God graunt thou may, last ende of life attayne,  
Which as a frend to reade this worke, of mine, dost not disdain.  
And here I wrythe my prayers might, pꝛeuayle for thy behoue,  
Which for my selfe the cruell Gods, to mercey could not moue.  
In number thicke the frendes will come, while hap hangs on thy side,  
If storme cloudes of time appeare, alone thou shalt abyde.  
Behold how doues to house resort, in whittye coullors cladde,  
In beasty boure of fluttishe cote, no byrd abydeth gladder.  
The painefull pifneere neuer comes, in borne lest hope and bare,  
No frend repayres where goodes before, be cleane consume with care.  
When Sonne doth shyne the shadowe shewes, of them that walke abyde,  
When it lyeth hid in cloude he list, no longer make abode.  
The vnconstant sort of people so, do follow fortunes light,  
Which quenched once w<sup>th</sup> houering showre, they straight do take their flight.  
And would to God thou might perceue, that falselpe this do found,  
But I must needs confesse them true, be fortune that I found.  
While we did stande in perfect state, our house desyre no fame,  
But yet was known and had resort, as did suffice the same.  
But when it first began to shake, they feared soe the fall,  
And wylpe backs to fleying turnd, to saue themselves withall.  
No maruaile though they feare the flash, of lightning cruell flames;  
By fyre of which all thinges is wont, consume that neare it came.  
But Caesar yet among his foes, that frende doth well allow,  
Which doth not shrink but tarpe still, when fortune bendes her bow.  
No wouted vfe he hath to fume (no man is moze modest)  
If he which loude to loue still, in troubleous time is prest.  
The same doth tell how Thoas king, on Pylades did rewe,  
When as by mate of Grettan lande, Orestes once he knew.  
Patroclus parfit sayth which was, with great Achilles knit,  
Was wont full oft wrythe wothye prayse, in Hectors mouth to sit.  
They say because that Thesius, wrythe frende of his did pas,  
Amonge the Princes blacke of hel, their God full soe was.  
Wee may beleue D Turnus that, thy cheekes wrythe teares were wet,  
When thou harde of Euralius, and Nysus saythes so fet.  
In wretches else there is a loue, in foes which we approue,  
O heape hap so fewe there be, which wrythe my wordes I woue.  
Such is the state and chaunce of mee, and of my matters all,  
That nothing ought my teares to stoppe, from soe farre to fall.



Heriours.

¶ He reioyseth that his frende profited  
in learninge. Eleg. 9.

**A**lthoughe my hart for priuate chaunce, with sadnes so be fraighte,  
It lightes yes when I herof, the knowledge thou hadst caught.  
I saw (most deare) that here thou should within this port arrive,  
Before this way the wasling windes, the ship began to drite.  
If maners milde with vertue mixt, or life deuoyde of blame,  
Be had in price no man that liues, deserues a better name.  
Or if by art of conning known, that any do ascend,  
Theres comes no cause which thou cannot, with pleasant words defend.  
With these in mind I moued thus, to the then straight can save,  
I greater stage (O frende) remaynes, thy vertue to displace.  
No spleene of sheepe, of lightning flame, no flashe on left side seene,  
No chirting song nor sleight of foule, a sene whereof hath beene.  
By reasons rule I did deuine, and iudge of that should come,  
All these in minde I gessed right, and of them knowledge nome.  
In hart therefore I topfull am, for the thy proued true,  
Also for me, to whom thy wit, was known as did ensue.  
But would to God that mine had lyne, full low in darcknes hidde,  
For neede requyres my studious stile, of louely lighte to ridde.  
And as the science sad and graue, with pytyed speache and sene,  
Doth profit thee: so am I hurt, with loze unlike to thene.  
But yet my life thou knowes right well, how that far from this art,  
As masters maners distant all, repungne in euery part.  
Thou knowest of old this verse was writ, by me when I was yonge,  
And that it was though not to praysle, in test and playing songe.  
Like as no crafty couller can, in their defence haue might,  
So I suppose my verse may not, excused be with right.  
Euen as thou can do them excuse, and frends cause not forsake,  
And with such steppes as thou hast goone, thy way right forth do take.

¶ Hee prayseth his shippe he founde  
at Corinthia. Elegia. 10.

**A**Shippe I haue (and God so graunt) gouernde by Pallas might,  
Whose happie name on helme thereof, depainted is in sight.  
If sayles therein we neede to vse, with slender winde the sayles,  
Or if the ower her wane she takes, and easie force preiuailex.

## Onide de tristibus,

Her fellowes all with speede course, to passe is not content,  
But doth put backe by sondry skilles, all shippes that forwarde bent.  
The flowing clouds she lightely bears, and fels the tossing seas,  
So cruell waues she yeldes vnto, but sailes away with ease.  
With her I came acquainted first, even at Corinthia ground,  
Whom since a gide and trusty mate, in fearefull sight I found.  
Through sondry streights and wicked winds, our way she did procure,  
Yet was by force of Pallas power, from daunger saued sure.  
And now the gates of basly Seas, we pray that she may cleue,  
In Ceta streames so longe tyme sought, we may at length arive.  
Which when she had conueyde me thus, to Hellespontia port,  
In narrow tracte away ful longe, she safely did resort.  
On left syde then our course we tournde, from Astors famous towne,  
And to their coastes (O Imbria) there, from thence we came a downe,  
So forth with gentle winds when wee, Zerinthia did attaine,  
In Samothracia there our ship, al weary did remaine,  
From hence the reache is short, if thou, Stantira seekes to betwe,  
So farre the happie shippe she did, her maister still pursue.  
Then on Bistonian fieldes to go, on foote it did me please,  
The shippe forthwith forsaking there, the Hellespontian seas.  
Vnto Dardanea then which bears, the Iuthors name, we bend,  
And there (O Lamplace) we do seek, whom rurall Gods defend.  
Where as the sea doth Seston part, from Abydena towne,  
Euen whereas hilles whilom fell, in warrow seas adowne.  
From thence to Cizicon which on, Propontis shore do stand,  
Cizicon the noble worke, of Theffallonians hand.  
Whereas Byzantia holdeth in, the seas on eithr syde,  
This is the place of double seas, that keepes the gate so wyde.  
And here I pray that we may scape, by force of Southren winde,  
That from Syancaies rockes in hast, the streight away may finde.  
And so to Enyochus bayes, and thence by Polleo fall,  
And carped thus to cut her way, by Anchilaus his wall.  
Thence vnto Mellempros port, and to Opefon botwres.  
May happily passe (O Bacchus) by, of the the named towres.  
Howe vnto Alchachoes we go, which of the walles be sprung,  
Who fleing forth (men say) did build, herein their houses strong.  
From which vnto Mylerus towne, it safely may arive,  
Whereto the scarce and heauy wyath, of angry Gods do driue.  
Which if we may attayne vnto, a lambe there shalbe slaine,  
Mynerqato: for greater gift, our goods do not sustaine.  
And you dame Hellens brethren twaine, to whom this Ile do bend,  
Pour double power to both our shippes, we pray that you do lend.

The



The one vnto Simplegades, prepares her way to make,  
 The other through Biskonia, her iourney thence do take.  
 Cause you that since we diuers places, of purpose go vnto,  
 That she may haue, and so may this, their wished winds also.

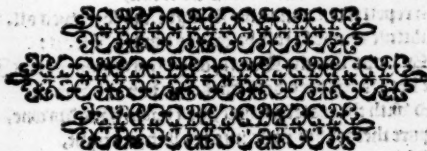
¶ Howe that he made his first booke in  
 his iourneye. Eleg. 11.

**V** Within this booke what letter be, that thou perhappes shal reede,  
 In troublous time, of careful way, the same was made in deede.  
 For eether Adria sawe we there, in could Decembers day.  
 How weeping berse amidst the seas, to write I did assay.  
 O; els with double seas in course, I lismo-overcame,  
 And other shippes thereby in flight, our fellowes so became.  
 When Cycladas amazed were, and maruile much did take,  
 How I among the raging flouds, these verses yet could make.  
 And now my selfe do wonder soze, that in such raging waues,  
 Of minde and seas: my berry wits, them selues from daunger saues.  
 For be it maze with care hereof, or madnes we it call,  
 This studie doth repell from minde, my thought and sorrowes all.  
 Oft times in doubtfull minde so tost, by stormy hundes I was:  
 Oft times with Scerops star the Seas, through thecuming waues I pas.  
 Arthophilax that keepes the bere, doth darke the day at dawne,  
 And South wind with the waters feare, the Hidas haue drawne.  
 Oft times some part thereof did passe, into my shippe aright,  
 Yet trembling I this wooful berse, with feareful hand do wright.  
 Now with the Northren windes the ropes, contented are to crake,  
 And like to hilles the hollow Seas, a losly surging make.  
 The maister with his hands cast by, doth pray with fearefull hart,  
 Beholping then the heavenly starres, forgetful of his art.  
 On euery spde we onlpe sawe, of death the picture plaine,  
 Which I in minde did feare and yet, so fearing wisht againe.  
 God graunt I may to port arlue, I feare the same right soze,  
 In water far lesse daunger is, then on that cursed shoze.  
 Of subtil snares of men and flouds, we stand in deary dceede,  
 The swozd and sea my wretched minde, with double terro; feede.  
 The one doth hope with gilllesse bloud, a pray of me to make,  
 The other of my woofull death, the same would gladly take.  
 On lest spde dwelles a people rude, whose minde be bent to spoyle,  
 In blamelesse bloud, and slaughter fears, and cruel warres they boyle.

## Quide de tristibus,

And while the washing waters are, with winter flouds so wrought,  
Our mindes to greater toyle (then seas) by heauy happe be brought.  
Wherefore thou ought more pardon here (O gentle Reader) haue,  
If these appeare (as sure it is) much lesse then hope do craue.  
My Gardens now we want toherin, I wanted was to wight,  
The bled beds my body lacks, to rest the wearpe night.  
With bitter winters day I am, in wicked watters throwne,  
My papers pale with surges soult, the grisse seas haue knowne.  
The winter angry is that I, these verses dare endight,  
And dreadfull threatiniges casteth there, my purpose so to spight.  
Of man let winter victor be, in seife same case I pray,  
That I may cease my simple verse, and be his raging stay.

FINIS.



The

To verses which in bookes describe, to thee thine hono<sup>r</sup> due,  
 From reader ought in iudgement tust, moze fauor to enue.  
 But if thou hap offended be, who then dare be my friend  
 For I want into my selfe I should, my faithfull friendship lend.  
 When as a house decayed is, and setled on the syde,  
 Then all the masse waight thereof, to yelding paris do fyde.  
 O els whereas by fortunes force, a chynke therein is made,  
 Weth passe thereof in tract of time, the same is sone decayde.  
 The great enuye of men so we, by hurtful verse do fynde,  
 And people be (as meete it is) to Cæsars syde enclinde.  
 When as my life and maners yet, were moze alowde I knote,  
 And by the hōse the same I iudge, which then thou did bestowe.  
 The which although it profit nought, nor honest prayse I haue,  
 Yet from the name of cruell crime, my selfe I wythe to saue.  
 For cause to mee committed was, of gilty men amis,  
 For Iudges ten times ten to looke, bypon whose office is.  
 And pitiare plaints without offence, as Iudge I did decree,  
 With byright minde the same I gaue, it will confessed bee.  
 And that (O wretch) if latest deedes, had not offended moze,  
 Euen by thine owne assent I should, not once be faude before.  
 The bylate actes do me destroy, my shippe which safely saild,  
 In depthes seas and swallowing waues, through sturpy storme is saild.  
 No little part of whelming waues, oppresseth mee alone,  
 But all the flocke of flowing clouds, and Ocean seag in one.  
 Why saue I ought: myne eyes why haue, I gilty cause to bee  
 Why is my fault inuerting I, now knowing so well to mee  
 The nacth Diana Acteon saw, vnwares as he did pas,  
 To hunger houndes a present praye, no whyt the lesse he was.  
 For mightie Gods do punish those, by chaunce that do offend,  
 For pardon ought where powers be hurt, to such mishappes do lend.  
 So in that daye wherein I was, weth error thus begild,  
 Our little house decayed is, weth fault yet vndeild.  
 And litle though: yet of good fame, risen in my fathers dayes,  
 For vnto none inferiour now, for honour noble prayse.  
 Not for the wealth nor want thereof, it can so wel be knownen,  
 For neither can because whereof, our knightly name is growen.  
 And be it by our breath or rente, our house be litle naide,  
 Why wits and gainefull studyes can so, abroade it hath bene faide.  
 Which though percase I seeme to be, as yong and wantonlee,  
 Yet by that meane through world so wyde, my famous name do fyde.  
 Of Naso eke the name is knowne, amids the learned thronge,  
 Who dare of him the same recoe, no abiet men amonge.

## *Ouide de tristibus,*

This house therefore to muses grate, in great decay is fall,  
By one offence and carefull crime, yet not accounted small.  
But so decayde as yfe it may, if that the raging ire,  
Of greued Cæsar waxeth rype, to wonted life retire.  
Whose gracious mercy is so great, in iudgement of our paine,  
That not so much as we did feare, we haue receyued plaine.  
Our life is geueu and not my death, his gentle wrath doth craue,  
With bled power (O noble Prince) we pray therefore to saue.  
I haue also with thine assent, my fathers liuings all,  
As though my life thou didd accompt, a gift that were to small.  
My doolefull deedes hast not condempnd, by Senates close assent.  
Nor by decree of them opposit, in wethererke sent.  
With thy etning words rebuking vice (as best a prince be seeme)  
Offences all thou dost reuenge, and mercy so esteeme.  
And those decrees which were pronouncd, in stern and asper wyse,  
Yet in the name of thyghter fault, thou wilt it should suffice.  
Thus as discharged and sent away, no exiles name I haue,  
My happye dayes deppressing so, and life thereby to saue.  
No paine or grieve so greuous is, no trouble such of minde,  
As to displease so great a Prince, his vengeance therto finde.  
But Gods which whilom moued were, sometimes appeased bee,  
And skowling cloudes once diuen asyde, a day full saye we see.  
The Elme which lately blased was, deppryued of his greene,  
The clustred bynes efflones to beare, full oftentimes is scene.  
And though thou do forbid to hope, we hope assuredlye,  
This one thyng yet may come to passe, though thou therto denye.  
My hope encrease (O gentle Prince) when thee I do behould,  
And eke decrease when I respect, my faults so manyfould.  
The roying rage of swelling seas, is not alike alwaye,  
Nor suppres feare doth ever last, in tossing streames to staye,  
But sometimes be more calme and cleare, and cease their bled toyle,  
To make vs thynke the force were lost, of billowes boistrous voyle.  
So do my feares both rype and fall, sometime in doubt remayne,  
In hope and dreade of thy good will, to passe or proue my payne.  
For loue of Gods therefore which geue, the long and happye dayes,  
(If they of noble Romaynes do) esteeme the name and prayse)  
For countrey eke which thou dost keepe, as gyde and father deare,  
Whereof thy selfe a part I was, and thence now passed cleare,  
To thee the statly towne so shall, with honours due resound,  
Who dost for wit and famous factes, in wonderous wyse abound.  
So Liua with thee remayne, and line in wedded lyfe,  
Which were but euen for the alone, a farre vnwothy wyfe.

*If thee*

# The seconde booke.

To Augustus Caesar.  
Elegia. I.



Vith you what thing haue I ado, my bookes my haples care,  
Sith that my wittes (O wretched) because, I of life dispare.  
My verse condemned muses whet repete I now againe,  
And is it not enough that I, haue once thus suffered paine?  
My verses to a meane haue bene, by heauy hay so growen.  
That I alas on euery lyde, to man and wyfe am knowen.  
By verses eke doth Caesar note, me and my manners all,  
Through peruers art which now of late, in deepe disdain is fall.  
My painefull studies set asyde, no faulter of lyfe remaine,  
That gyltpe I imputed am, my verse hath caused payne.  
This we receiue as pryse of life, and labors great of minde,  
And now my painfull pinching paynes, in wofull wit I finde.  
If wyse I were I should of right, the learned sisters blame,  
Is greuous goddesses to such, as worshippe will the same.  
But madnes now with feuer feare, are ioynd so in one,  
That mindeful yet of former payne, my foote doth strike the stone.  
Like as the wounded souldiour doth, resort the field vnto,  
Or as the wretched shippe doth seeke, on swelling seas to go.  
Perhappes like him which once within, Thutrantus Realme did raigne,  
The same which made this greuous wound, thereof may ease the paine.  
And angry muse which moued ire, the same like wyse remooue,  
For weeping verse do grace obtayne, at mighte Gods above.  
The worthy Dames of Italye, doth Caesar wil to pray,  
To Ops which stately to wers beare, and sounding verse to say.  
The like to Phebus eke, what time, were playde the pleasant playes,  
Which neuer oftner could be seene, but once in one mans dayes.  
To these (O gracious Caesar now) as happed myrrors haue,  
And let my wittes myde milder wyath, of thee hereafter craue.  
The same is tust I do confesse, noz my deserts denye,  
Noz shame so farre departed is, from fearefull face to flye.  
But if I had offended nought, what could you then bestowe?  
My let therefore occasion is, wherof that mercy growe.  
So oftentimes as mortall men, in sinfull faulces be found,  
If Ioue should strike he might in time, lacke shot wherewith to wound.  
But he when once with thondring noyse, haue thyrmed soye the land,  
With strinkled drops the cloudy ayre, is cleared out of hand.

W.iii.

I God,

*Ouide de tristibus,*

**I** God, a gide, a father graue, of right he coud haue bene,  
Is mightie loue nothing so great, in baste world is seene.  
Sith the also a father graue, and gide in earth thei name,  
Use then of Gods the maners milde, the power it is the same.  
The which ful well thou do: noz no, man weth moze equal hand,  
The rightful reanes could better hold, wherwith to rule the land.  
The Parthians proudest thou did subdue, yet pardon oft bestowe.  
Which thei to thee in case alike, would not haue geueen I knowe.  
With worldie wealth and honours high, aduanced many be,  
Whose gilte hands did weapons weare, in field aduers to thee.  
The day also which moued ire, the wrath away did take,  
So eether part in sacred house, at once their offerings make.  
And as the souldiours doth reioyce, who did the foes oppresse,  
So haue the captiues cause enough, to ioy at such distresse.  
My cause yet better is: I weare no weapon so vntrue,  
Noz ennemys gilte goodes I do, weth greedie lust pursue.  
By seas, by lande, by starre skye, lo here I make my bowe,  
By the also that present is, a God to whom I bowe.  
That this good will (O most of might) haue euer bene in mee,  
And as thine owne with hart and soule, I sought alwayes to bee.  
I withed oft that here thou might, in earth haue liued longe,  
And one I was that prayed thus, amids the mightie thronge.  
And sacrifice for this I gaue, and weth mine owne assent,  
When publike prayers were pronounce, to helpe to this entent.  
My bookes my fauty factes also, what neede I haue in minde,  
Wherein the name a thousand times, in open place I finde.  
Beholde like wylfe my greater workes, brenned as they bee,  
Where that transkormed bodyes are, in wondrous wylfe to see.  
There shalt thou finde by flittering faine, the name haue had much prayse,  
There shalt thou finde the pledges great, of louing nunde alwayes.  
The gloze yet no verke can well, augment in any wylfe,  
Seth nothing may thereto be put, wherby it might arylfe.  
Of loue the same doth farre exceede, yet doth it hum delight,  
When as the same in stately verke, we seemely do endight.  
If that by Grants bloude warres, of mention ought be harde,  
It prayse thereof he doth reioyce, for trouth we do regarde.  
But the do others honour moze, and as it seemeth fit,  
The princely prayse and royall fame, do prayse weth rpper wit.  
And as weth shedding gillelesse blood, of bulles a hundreth laste,  
Of God weth smallest ensence geurn, so grace we do obtaine.  
O wicked wight, O tyrant feare, O cruell cursed foe,  
That did my pleasant fancies make, to thee disclosed foe.



Stande you aloofe you vestall tapes, of shamefastnes the fines,  
 Geue place like vylle ye purshed Pavvles, that halfe on feete declines.  
 Of lavvfull lore and skil aloude, vvee onely do resounde,  
 For in our simple verse there shall, no subtil cryme be founde.  
 Lo do we not all sober Dames, from this our art expell?  
 Whom stole and tape forbiddeth plaine, with lowely love to mell?  
 But matrones may more arts inuent, (although they be bntaught,)  
 Wherby to make the chastest mindes with wickednes be fraught.  
 No bookes therefore let matrones reade, (with all things be so straunge)  
 That they be tournd from vertues vse, to filthy vice to chaunge.  
 Who so doth care all thinges to tourne, to wrong and wofser part,  
 To vices vile his maners chaunge, through wil of workers hart.  
 For take in hande the Cronicke bookes, (then those nothing more graue)  
 How Ilia saye a babe brought forth, to reade there shalt thou haue.  
 Or if thou looke on Marces workers, there shalt thou see in sight,  
 How Venus saye a mother was, unto the Troyan knight.  
 Pea further yet (if althinges may) likewise accompted bee,  
 No kinde of verse but may the minde, corrupt also wee see.  
 As gil:ye yet not euery booke, we may therefore dispyse,  
 For of eche thinge that helpe proceeds, doth harme also aryse.  
 Then saye what thinge more needfull is: yet who so lookes in lande,  
 The houses highe to burne and spoyle, the fyre he takes in hande.  
 So Whiscke sometimes greatly hurts, sometimes doth heale right well,  
 Of herbes that hurtfull be or not, by skilful loze to tell.  
 The theefe and ware warfaring man, by syde a sword they haue,  
 The one to robbe the simple wight, the other himselte to saue.  
 And Rhetoricke haue longe time bene taught, to plede for righteousnes,  
 Yet faulpe folkes it oft defendes, and innocentes oppres.  
 Euen so who shall my verses reade, with equall byrighte minde,  
 Shall well perswade himselte enoughe, no hurt in th. m. to finde.  
 And who so thynkes he sinne conceives, or vices hereof haue,  
 Both erreth much, and wyetings mine, to much he doth depaue.  
 In sacred playes (I do confesse) be certayne wanton sits,  
 The stages thereof do remoue, whereon the players sits.  
 What causes also haue bene geuen, of sinne, and great mischaunce,  
 In marshall fields and places great, where fighters do aduaunce?  
 Let Cyrus eke be set asyde, the vse thereof not good,  
 The maydens chalt thereon at playes, by men vnknowen they stood.  
 While men do come in selfsame path, where louers do resort,  
 Why then be porches set at large, where all men may disport.  
 What place then temples is more large: yet is there cause of sin,  
 If wicked mindes that so delightes, by hap be set therein,

## *Ouid de tristibus.*

For set in sacret house of Loue, perchance it may be seene,  
What number great of mothers made, by mighty Loue haue beene.  
O who shal in Temples pray, of Lady Iuno true,  
The Gods she there bewaiping sees, and wanton lemans bew.  
So some wil aske that Pallas see, as they her picture pas,  
How that of her Eriththonius, by sinne conceived was.  
And coming to the house, shall see, of Mars the heavenly wight,  
Beside the gates where Venus stands, fast by her worthy knight.  
In this Church who chaunce to sit, will haplye aske in doubt,  
Why Iouian and the Rosphore seas, why Iuno sent her out.  
For Venus there Anchises is, for Luna Latinus old,  
For Ceres eke doth Iasius stand, on whom thou mayst beholde.  
All these things therefore may corrupt, the wicked peruers minds,  
Yet in their place full harmlesse stand, not wrested from their kinde.  
Far from this art which written was, for wanton Dames behoue,  
The foremost leafe of that same booke, all modest hands remoue.  
Who so therefore by hap offend, more then the liuers chast?  
With guilty men of fault forhode, shal he straight wayes be plast?  
No haynous act the wanton verse, it is to lightly reede,  
For many thinges the chast may see, which be abhoyd in deede.  
The Matrones graue do oft behold, the baudy harlots loue,  
How naked there themselves they make, dame Venus prances to proue.  
The best all eyes likewise they do, the strompets body see,  
Yet to themselves by sight thereof, no paynes deserued bee.  
But why haue I so much alas, my muse to wanton made?  
O what haue cauld my wicked booke, to louely loze perswade?  
No thing saue sinne and open fault, of force I must confesse,  
Why wits and skill I do accuse, as cause of my distresse.  
Why haue I not the Troyan towne, by Gretians whilom sackt,  
In Asper verse the same renude, and tould that famous facte?  
Why spake I not of Thebas siege, and wounded brythen twayne,  
And how the euen gates thereof, in sondry charge remaine?  
And marshall Rome occasion gaue, wherof I should endight,  
A godly worke it were for mee, my countrey factes to wright.  
In fine: while that by the deserts, all thinges so much abounde,  
I cause I had (O Cesar) why thy prayse I should resounde.  
Euen as the eyes delighted be, with beames of Phebus bright,  
So did thy factes my mind entice, to take thereof delight.  
As rightfully I am reppoude, in barren feldes I lide,  
That noble worke is far more large, with greater plenty fide,  
For though the slender boate is bould, in smaller streame to play,  
Yet like disport it daret not, in surging seas assay.

If thee were not, a single life, should best beserue for thee,  
 For none there liues to whom thou might, a wedded husband bee.  
 Of thee so shall a soune in health, and thou in health to rayne,  
 Which may, in thy moze elder age, an old man here remayne.  
 And bying to passe that happie starres, through those thy noble derdes,  
 With newes pong that still abide, that thee in Realme succedes.  
 So victorie which vsed is, thy noble Castels too,  
 Shall still be prest at hand atwayes, to custome ensignes goo.  
 Shee shall with wonted winges stil flie, with gide of Latin land,  
 On happie heade a Laurell greene, shall set with seemely hand.  
 By whom thou famous warres do keepe, in parson also fight,  
 To whom good lucke by thee is geuen, with Gods of marious might.  
 And thus in mighte to tunc art scene, as present halfe to byde,  
 And halfe away in further parts, the bloude warres to geide.  
 I victor great from foes subdude, hee shall returne to thee,  
 With crowned hoise and triumphes braue, aduanced that he bee.  
 But spare we pray the lightning feare, and cruel shot by laze,  
 Whereof (O wretch) we haue alas, to long now made assaye.  
 Thou art our countrey father deare, not mindles of this name,  
 We pray the spare and graunt vs hope, in time to haue no blame.  
 To come againe I do not craue, yet wel beleue we maye,  
 That mighte Gods moze harder suits, haue not denide atwaye.  
 I gentler kinde of exiles life, and nerer place bellow,  
 Then of my paynes the greatest part, woulde be allayde I know.  
 The furthest lande I do approue, and cast among my foes,  
 For no man from his country, that, so far an exile goes.  
 In haue of seuenfould Istars sea, alone here am I sent,  
 With frostye axe of Archadie, in cruell care am pent.  
 The Iazegies, the Colchos eke, and all the Getean rout.  
 With Metereins whom Danube streame, may skante from hence keepe out.  
 And though that diuers be diuen forth, for much moze great offence,  
 Yet none to place moze far then I, is sent away from thence.  
 Beyond this land no thing there is, saue cold and enmities sell,  
 With waters thyme of whelming sea, with frosty Ile congeall.  
 On left syde here Euxinians toyne, to part of Romaine land,  
 And next the Basterns and the Savvromes keepe with cruel hand.  
 This is the lande that latest came, to rule of Romaine latwe,  
 And skantly any part thereof, thine Emppre neare do drawe.  
 Wherefoze I humblye pray that we, be set in safer soile,  
 Lest els with losse of countrey deare, we lue in endlesse toille.  
 So neede we not the Nations feare, whom Istar skant deuide,  
 For as thy subiectes there be tame, with cruel foes to bide.

## *Ouid de tristibus.*

For no man borne of Latican blood, can beare those barbarous bands,  
But that they will a burden be, vnto Cæsarians hands.  
Two faults there are that haue me slaine, error, and my verse,  
All other faults I thinke it good, that I do not reherse.  
The greuous wounds (O Cæsar) now, renue I do not meane,  
And that thou haue be'wail'd them once, so much I do esteeme.  
In other part of crime remaynes, a greuous fault for mee,  
A teacher of adoultrpe foule, I charged am to bee.  
Some things the Gods may well deceiue, them for to know is hard,  
Of them for many be so meane, that thou dost not regard.  
For while as Ioue beholds the Heauens, and mightye Gods also,  
The smaller things from losse of eyes, can not respect vnto.  
So many matters they escape, in beewing world so webe,  
That lesse assages of meaneer waight, from heauenlye minde do slede.  
That is: while thou a Prince be set, in Emperre large to raigne,  
May not intend sonde verse to reade, and greater things disdaine.  
The waighly waight of Romayne name, do not so lightlye moue,  
Nor passe thereof on backe to beare, so little thee behoue.  
As thou with godly power may marke, our fond and foolish toyes.  
With open eyes hert to discusse, our idle earthly toyes.  
Sometimes Germania doth rebell, sometimes Illyrians raile,  
Rhetia and the Thraian land, with ciuill warres assaile.  
Sometimes Armenius craveth peace, and Parthus weapon yelde,  
With fearefull hands restoring est, the ensignes won in feld.  
Germania eke thyng infant yong, a yong man thee do take,  
And Cæsar doth full cruell warres, for mightye Cæsar make.  
In fine: of all thine Emperre huge, (which neuer was so large)  
No part at all abated is, but still remaynes in charge.  
The Citte great and sure defence, of customes and of lawe,  
Doth irke the soye: while them thou seekest, thine owne more nere to drawe.  
The quiet state thou can not vse, which thou hast staid in land,  
For troublous wars with nations great, thou daily takes in hand.  
Wherefore among such causes graue, I maruel much and muse,  
That thou our wanted folles would, with earnest eyes persue.  
But if thou had (as I do wishe) more idle there haue bene,  
Then in myne art no fault at all, perhaps thou should haue seene.  
The which I do confesse was not, beu'soe with seuerer heade,  
Nor matter meet: that might deserue, of such a Prince be reade.  
Per be they not to lawes offence, nor guiltie of such blames,  
But to instruct the youthfull route, of noble Romayne Dames.  
Nor needest not my bookes to doubt, for in one of those thre,  
These verses fower which next appoche, be set therein to see,

And doubting that for greater things, my minde is farre bent,  
 In dittyes small it may suffice, that I do shew my wit.  
 But if thou shouldst commaund to tell, of Giants greivous wounds,  
 Which they through fyre of Loue did feele: the worke my wit confounds.  
 A fruitfull minde it doth requyre, of Cæsars actes to waight,  
 Lest els perhappes with matter much, the worke may want his right.  
 Which though I durst haue take in hand, yet breading much amonge,  
 The noble power I might abate, which were to great a waight.  
 To lighter worke I therefore went, and youthfull verse addrest.  
 With sayned loue a care I had, to feede my sicke best.  
 Which loth I was ful longe to do, but fates did so ordaine,  
 And deepe desire my minde did moue, to purchas greivous paine.  
 Why haue I learnde? O wretched why haue, my parentes taught me loze?  
 On letters final why haue I set, my woful eyes before?  
 For this I am of thee enuide, by wanton art aright,  
 Through which thou thinkest the chasty beds, be traynde to foule delight.  
 But none whom wedlocks pike doth binde, this craft haue learnde of mee,  
 For who so nothing knowes himselfe, no teacher can he bee.  
 So haue I made both pleasant toyes, and gentle facile verse,  
 As yet in talke for by worde lewde, no wight maye me reherse.  
 For none who liues in wedded life, amonge the common rout,  
 That of himselfe a father false, through my default do doubt.  
 My maners milde repugnant are, to verse (beleeue you mee)  
 My life both chast and shamefast is, though muse more pleasant bee.  
 And greatest part of those my workes, inuentions are vntue,  
 For much more craft they do allowe, then maket euer knoue.  
 For witten bookes do not purport, thaffections of the minde,  
 But honest will to pleasant myth, to make the eares inclinde.  
 For Accius then in cruell deedes, Terencius should delight,  
 In bankets braue: and warriours be, of warres that do endight.  
 In line: though others are with mee, that tender loue haue mayde,  
 Yet I alone for it (O wretched) the paynes alone haue payde.  
 Theia muse of Leryan olde, hath she not taught the skille?  
 With plentie great of Baccus dewe, dame Venus nest to fille?  
 What hath dame Sapho Lesbia learnde, but maydens sayre to loue,  
 Yet Sapho still remaineth safe, and he no paynes do proue.  
 What hath it thee (O Baccus) hurt, that reading of thy verse,  
 Thy pleasant pianches thou didst confesse, and waiton toyes reherse.  
 No fable founde but tels of loue, in great Menanders booke,  
 Yet is it redde to virgins yonge, and hopes thereon do looke.  
 What shall you reade in Ilias, but foule adulterous life?  
 And scarce afflict of louers fall, with toyes and widdes life.

Ther in

## *Ouid de tristibus.*

Therein what is there set before, of Crisyda the loue?  
And of the mayde from Captaynes caught, which anger great did moue.  
What is Odissea els? but while Vlisses was awaie,  
How of his wyfe the loue to get, what woers did assaie.  
What doth great Homer more report, but Mars to Venus bound,  
And that they were in filthy bedde, and foule adulterie found.  
By him haue we not knowledg caught, that moude with loues desire:  
One stranger cauld too goddesses, to burne in secret fyre?  
Though Tragedyes all wytings do, surmount for matter graue,  
Yet euen in them occasions great, of loue alwayes we haue.  
For in Hypolitus the loue, of Phedra do we finde,  
And eke how constant Canace loude, her brother not unkinde.  
What did not then king Pelops while, when Cupid forct his chaire,  
With Phrigian horses ferce comepe, Hippodamia faire?  
Prouokd greife through loues desire, in some so much it was,  
That mothers cauld their cruell blades, through chyldrens bloud to pass.  
And loue: a kinge with leman fyre, in fetterd soules did chage,  
And made Sir Iouis mother mourne, with sithes and sobbings straunge.  
If that Europaes brother bile, her loue did not requyre,  
With Phebus: then we had not read, how horses did retyre.  
For Scilla shoud haue so attaynd, the Traiecke stile, vnto,  
Unless that loue her father forct, his fatall heares forgo.  
Whose by hap Electran reades, and mad Orestes sitte,  
Egistes faults nor Clytemnestrais, times, he can forgitte.  
What neede I speake of Victor that, Chymera did oppresse?  
Whom crassest gest did much anoye, to death almost distresse.  
Who hath not spoke of Hermione, and the Cheneyda toulde,  
Of Alcumeane whom Mycene Duke, in louing brest did fould.  
What Daneyes daughter in towre her selfe, what Barcus Damsell,  
What Hemmona with her which cause, of one too nights became?  
Of Duke Admete, of Theseus eke, what shoud I here resounde,  
Of Greeke whose shippe did first arine, on coast of Phrigian grounde.  
Let Ioles come among the rest, with Deiedamia fyre,  
With Hylas to and Ganimeade, who did to heauen repyre.  
No time would serue the Traiecke spres, if I for them shoud looke,  
Whose names aloue could not be set, within this careful booke.  
And Traiedies the laughers foule, prouoke in sondry wyse,  
Pea haueleste wordes full many a one, because of them arise.  
What hath it hindred him that did, the fearce Achill abuse?  
For which his valiant derbes were lost, and force did him refuse.  
Aristides the filthy facts, of fond Myleians toulde,  
Yet from his ioune was not quide, nor in such wyse coultoulde.



For Eubius a wypper great, of hystories vncleane,  
How mothers might their seede consume, by foule and filthe meane.  
For he who wrote the bookes, which men, Sabarita haue namde,  
For they whose owne adulterous deedes, to tell were not ashamde.  
All these woth graue and ancient lawes, of learned men be vsde,  
The facts apparant be yet not, to princes so refudde.  
For I these foyretne factes alone, for my defence do finde,  
But euen in Romayne bookes I reade, the topes of wanton minde.  
As Ennius graue who wonted was, of mighty Mars to tell,  
Ennius though boyde of arte, in wit he did excell,  
Lucretius eke the cause discusst, of feare consuming flame,  
And triple worke he did deuine, of which procedes the same.  
So did Catullus wanton man, his lemans prayse reslight,  
Whose name in deede he chaunged haue, and Lesbia therfore hight.  
For yet contented so but did, of harlottes mo reherse,  
With whom adultery byle he did, confesse in open verse.  
Like lawles life did Caluus leade, whose stature was but small,  
By sondy meanes disclosing then, his filthe doings all.  
What should I speake of Tyndaics stile, and Memaus verse also,  
Who wypping of vnhonest actes, their names haue put vnto.  
And Cinnas here a fellow is, and Anser light as hee,  
And Cornificius wanton, worke, and Catoes eke we see.  
And he who in Phaecean seas, that Argos whilom brought,  
His secrete deedes could not keepe in, which he before had wrought.  
Hortencius and Sulpicius factis, iassiuious be likewise,  
And such graue men who followerly not, or doth their deedes dispise.  
Sisenna did Mylesap bookes, reduce to Romayne verse.  
No paynes he proued yet, though filthe factes he did reherse.  
For Gallus though Lycordia lest, he did oft times adoze,  
Was blamed ought; but deemed dyoncke, with wyne he bids befoze.  
To womans othes small trust to haue, Tybullus whilom would,  
For of themselves what they deuide, no husbando credit should.  
For keepers eke of virgens chast, a fraude he did confesse,  
And now O wretch throughe selfsame art, is giuen to deepe distresse.  
And as he would of signet saye, or Jewels vertue finde,  
By craft wherof his mystres hand, to touche he beates in minde.  
By pymp pointes and crafty becks, to shewe they secrete minde,  
He also taught: and subtile notes, in trenchers saye to finde.  
And by the sappe of certaine herbes, how woth is set a fyde,  
Wherwas the same throughe mutuall mouthes, by stents of teeth do glyde.  
And eke how they should plentye great, of foolthe husbando craue,  
Wherby the lesse they might offende, and lesse occasion haue.

It whom

## Ouid de tristibus.

At whom also the dogges do barche, when men that way are gone,  
And secrete hems he taught to know, when he did passe alone.  
Full many a crafty loze he learnde, which women did receiue,  
Euen by what art the wedded wyues, their husbandes might deceiue.  
For these yet no rebuke he had, his workes apparant bee,  
And wel a lowde, to the our Prince, are not unknowne we see.  
Properitus like preceptes haue geueu, which be apparant plaine,  
So cheeke or frowning loke he did, for that although sustaine.  
And many more I did succcede, who (As they liue in fame)  
I will not now in open verse, reſtite them by their name.  
I feared not (I do confesse) amonge so great a ſayle,  
My onely shippe to perishe quite, and none but she to ſayle.  
And other artes with troulung dyce, to diuers written haue,  
Through which no ſmall offence is caſt, vppon your grandfathers graue.  
How that thou may by ſubtill means, the greateſt number throw,  
And dogged pointes may beſt eſchew, through crafty art to know.  
In Tables play what markes anayle, or hurtful are likewiſe,  
I ſhall they haue to beſe the good, and looſing pointes diſpoſe.  
And how the knight in coullers clad, doth rage in right foits way,  
When midle man through ennemys twayne, aſſault is made a play.  
And how they beſt may march abzode, or ſo; man make retyr,  
For none alone from warde to paſſe, for feare of hurtful byr.  
A game alſo with little ſtones, ſo plaete on table ſmall,  
Where at he wymines that makes al thre, in one ſtreight lent to fall.  
And other playes deuſed be (not all to tell I mean)  
Through which oure time a thing moſt deare, is ſo conſumed cleane.  
And others tels the forme of balles, and ſkill of tennis playes,  
And ſome the ſwimming art doth ſhow, and ſome the toppe aſſayes.  
The craft with coullers blacke to ſlayne, do diuers take in hand,  
Of banket bowers and houſeholde lawes, haue others deepeſe hand.  
Of earth do others teache the beſe, whereof they cuppes do make,  
And which the wyne preſerues and which, wil other liquoz take.  
Such kinde of ſportes in ſinokye month, of colde Decembers daie,  
Are bleſd yet; not maker none, for them the paynes do paye.  
Though theſe examples to I haue, no weeping verſes may,  
But weeping paynes for pleaſant ſports, I haue alas aſſayd.  
In ſine: among theſe wyrters all, I can perceiue not one,  
To whom his muſe haue hurtful beene, my ſelfe except alone.  
What if I ſhould the filthy playes, of rapling iesters wiſt,  
Wherein the faults of ſapned loſe, be ſet alwayes in ſight.  
And where the vicious man comes forth, in garments freſhe and byaue,  
And wiſe wiſe her fooliſh mate, by ſleight deceiued haue.

Lo these: both mayde wyfe and man, with theyr chyldren see,  
 And oftentimes the Senate hole, in parson present bee,  
 The which alone with shameles speache, do not defile the eare,  
 But filthy factes before the eyes, they haue disclosed there.  
 And when the louer by his craft, the husband both begyle,  
 They clap their handes with wondrous ioy, and great reioysing smyle.  
 And that although lesse needefull is: for Poetes greedie gayne,  
 The Preror will of forged playes, with charge the sight attayne.  
 Behold of playes the great expence (O Caesar) and the charge,  
 Which thou hast payd: thou shalt perceiue, the same haue beene right large.  
 Lo these thy selfe ful oft haue scene, and shewed to others plaine,  
 Thy matespe so lowly is, thy grace nothing disdain.  
 The royall eyes wherewith thou do, the totall world beholde,  
 That dulcely haile haue gladly scene, which that in Scene is tolde.  
 Wherefore if lawfull that it be, that iellars so may wright,  
 Myr deedes lesse paynes deserue, they do, more honest actes resight.  
 But is that kind of wytyng safe, for pulpets hault regard?  
 And what the Stage haue lawfull made, from iesters not debarde?  
 So haue the people daunced oft, when songe my poises beene,  
 With open eyes the same also, thy selfe oft times haue scene.  
 Euen as the auncient pictures made, by craft of workemans hand,  
 With glistering gloofe be set in sight, within your house to stand.  
 In them so be there tables final, in private place I know,  
 Which sondry shapen and secrete deedes, of Lady Venus show.  
 And as the frefull Ajax sits, with threatening browes all bent,  
 O; as the barbarous mothers eye, to witched act is lent.  
 Euen so the watry Venus sits, her damplyd heres to dye,  
 And sometimes segmen in mothers frays, away from sight to flye.  
 And others be which cruel warres, with weapons sharpe do tell,  
 Pea some the grandfres deedes and some, thine owne do show right well.  
 In narrowe space the hateful wight, dame Nature hath me pent,  
 Not to my woofull wayling wits, but slender forces haue lent.  
 O happye yet for him it was, Eneas did wright,  
 Who Maorian beds with mighty men, and weapon sterre resight.  
 No part of which famous woorks, the readers do delight,  
 So much: as that, where loue was lincht, againe al honest right.  
 Of Phyllis he likewise haue tould, and Amarillis lone,  
 In youthfull yeares he sought his minde, with Bucolix to moue.  
 And we who haue by wytyng these, committed greuous sinne,  
 Our sinfull factes much elder be, though paynes but now beginne.  
 I verses also made when thou, offences haue contrould,  
 I knighe by thee to passe oft times, I boyde of checke was bould.

Ouid de tristibus, ad P

Wherefore I long and wanting wit, in that no daunger thoughte; I sheld  
 Which now to me in elder age, more hurtfull care haue brought.  
 A new reuenging paines I feele, for auncient written art,  
 The persecution differeth far, from time of my desert.  
 Yet of my woordes you may beleene; more weighty butdens beere,  
 For oftentimes more masse sayles, my ship sustained here.  
 For bookes twise fir I written haile, and Pallas did them name;  
 In number like of monethes were made, and ended in the same.  
 And that that through my heauy fate, I did (O Caesar) make;  
 Wherein I highly honoured thee, when I my woe did take.  
 Pea Tragike stile in royall verse, we also did endight;  
 Wherein no waighy wordes do want, that statele stile should light.  
 In verse likewise we tould, although, the wooken imperfit beere;  
 Where sondye shayes transformd are, and cheanged both the seene.  
 But would to God thy wyath a while, from minde thou wouldest remoue;  
 And that of these some part to reade, thou wouldest me behoude.  
 The worke which at the worldes vyse, his first beginning had;  
 To thy most famous raigue I brought, and thine (O Caesar) glad.  
 There shalt thou finde what stoe of wit, on me thou wyltsonered;  
 And with what minde for thee and thine, to write I haue assayed.  
 I do no man with byting berse; or churlythe cheeke disdaigne;  
 For no mans giltz faces there doth, with in my mooches ransaigne.  
 From subtil loyes I gyltes am, that tempered be with gall;  
 For in my berse no benome fell, with myth is mixt at all.  
 Among so many thousand men, with verses many a one;  
 My learned muse haue hindzed none (my selfe except alone).  
 But much bewyle our sondye woes, with one lamenting doye;  
 For no man woulde I thinke be sad, in this my soyre chance;  
 If merce me through gyltes life, to greater ease abundance.  
 Lo these wryth many more I wrythe, merce the heauens byest;  
 (O father deare) O hurz defence, our countreyes onle rest.  
 To Italic I would not turne, butesse in longer space;  
 Though greater paines, of the perhappes, we may deserue more grace.  
 More safer place for exiles life, and greater rest I crave;  
 So shall my faultes and carefull crimes, their due deservings haue.

F. N. I. S.

The

## The thirde booke.

¶ The booke to the Reader.

Elegia. i.

**I** A fearful wofe an exiles booke, am sent the towne to see,  
 The helping hand, to weary friend (O Reader) lend thou mee.  
 No; doubt thou not least I because, perhappes to worke the same,  
 No verse in this doth teache to loue, whereby to force the same.  
 No; maisters fortune hath beene such, alas unhappie wight,  
 That he weth iesses or pleasant toyes, ought hide the same from sight.  
 And that which he in greener yeares, hath made unluckelye,  
 To late (O wofull worke) doth now, weth hatefull hart desyre.  
 Behold therefore what I do hyng, saue sorrowes nought at all,  
 Such matter meete in weeping woodds, as doth to time befall.  
 Eche other lyne a limping verse, that here in sight is scene,  
 The weary foote or length of way, the cause thereof haue beene.  
 I am not staynd in Cedars sappe, no; wrought weth Pumple bright,  
 For shame it were to be more blame, then maister may weth right.  
 The letters sad, whereof the blots, bereft of wonted grace,  
 The soyre teares that worke both hurt, which fell from Poets face.  
 If any word, by wretched haue, from light of latin sence,  
 The barbarous lande haue forst thereto, and cause proceeded thence.  
 Then tell, if payne be, none which waye, (O Reader) is most sure,  
 And by what steps a strangers booke, my passage may procure.  
 While these I speake weth stammering tongue, and close by all alone,  
 My iourney so; that told there was, amonge them all but one.  
 God graunt thou may, which N also, hath beene denyed plaine,  
 That in the countrey here mayst hyde, and quiet rest obtaine.  
 Gyde on I shall pursue, although, by seas and lande I sought,  
 All tryed longe my wearye feete, from furthest countrey brought.  
 Obyeyn then and passing forth (quoth he) this is the gate,  
 Of Cæsars Court; and way the name, from Gods haue growen but late.  
 This is the westal place that keepes: dame Pallas and the fyre,  
 This is the pallace sitat whereto, king Numa did aspyre.  
 From hence on left syde looke (quoth hee) Saturnus house do stande,  
 Here Romulus the lustye Rome, to build did take in hande.  
 And wondring much; southweth in sight, I glittering armour spyde,  
 And royal gates weth heauenty bowers, in perfit betw disorde.  
 Behold of Ioue the house (quoth I) which we may so deuine,  
 By royall crowne of okeing tree, that high thereon do thynne.



*Quid de tristibus,*

His name once hard forthwith I said, he haue deuoted well,  
 Of mighty Loue it is the house, and he therein do dwell.  
 But to what cause the noble gates, be hid with Lawrell greene?  
 O why the tree with bzaunches lpyed, hath made his heere vntreene?  
 For that this house of triumphes bzaue, deserues eternal fame:  
 O els because Apollo great, doth dearely loue the same:  
 O that it sacred is to els, all thinges of it must needes  
 O els of peace the tokens plaine, on totall earth do spredde  
 For as the Lawrell greene doth grow, and neuer fades a waye,  
 So endless hono: here remaynes, which reides to no decaye.  
 The letters els which written be, about the stately Crowne,  
 The endles be of his defence, the Cittizenes haue foune.  
 One fapthful man except alone, who diuen ful far away,  
 Doth lurke aloofe in furthest lande, opprest in deepe decay.  
 Who though he doth confesse himselfe, to haue deserved paine,  
 No wicked deede was cause thereof, but erro: proued plaine.  
 It roall place and mighty man, O wretche for feare I shake,  
 And dolefull woofull letters small, through trembling dyed do quake.  
 Thou dost behold to sickely hewe, my paper pale do chaunge,  
 And dost regard eche other foote, to haue with trembling strange.  
 And at what time befoze the Lords, and rulers of the place,  
 In sight thou shalbe set: I pray the plead the parentes case.  
 From thence with slender pausing pace, to losty steps thou brought,  
 And stately Temples built on high, of great Apollo sought.  
 Euen where on mighty pillers plaine, the noble pictures stand,  
 Besides: and the cruell spee, with naked sword in hand.  
 And where the auncient wryters leard, with learned hand did wright,  
 Which readers all may there beholde, and there do stand in sight.  
 Wher bythen there I looked for, saue those, I could not finde,  
 Whose byrth the father did repent, and so did with in minde.  
 And seeking there in vaine about, the keeper of the place,  
 Did will me from those sacred staules, to passe with spee by pace.  
 To Temples next which loyned were, in hall I did depart,  
 From whence my feete were to set to fle, for feare of further smart.  
 No: that which wonted was alway, the learned boodes to take,  
 Would suffer mee to touch the same, but clerely did forsake.  
 The heauy fate of wretched heere, to osspyng doth descend,  
 And fathers fearful sight to vs, his children doth extend.  
 Yet may it hap in time to come, through length of longer space,  
 That we, and hee of Caesar may, obayne moze milder grace.  
 The Gods for this I pray, and yet (saue Caesar none at all)  
 That they with heauenly eares attende, to this our humble call.



And seeing that the publicke staules, to vs denyed beere,  
 In pivate place it may be free, to lurche therein busene.  
 And you also ye simple hands (if it so lawfull bee)  
 Our carefull verse receiue likewise, with modest eyes to see.  
 And was it my desireis than, the Sythcan land to see?  
 And in that lande that vnderieth, the Northzen Doale to bee?  
 Not to your Doct sacred Symphes, and learned cunning floche,  
 Haue succour heerwed: which boast your selfe, of dame Dianayes floche.  
 Not that deuorpe of berpe crime, I wrote did profit ought,  
 And eke my muse more wanton far, then life I euer fought.  
 But after perils many past, by seas and lande with payne,  
 In Pontus ile dyde bp with colde, aye lasting I remayne.  
 And I that boyme to quiet rest, auording bushe dyrole,  
 Full tender and impacient was, of laboys pinching toyle.  
 Extreames I suffer now, no: mee, the seas depytude of port,  
 No: sondye wapes cold yet destroy, by which I made resort,  
 But ils my minde resisted haue, of which my body woine,  
 Repayres his force and suffreth things, I kant hable to be boyme.  
 Yet while with winds and wheeling waues, I doubtfully am tost,  
 My grepping cares and heauy hart, with trauaile great is lost.  
 But when my way was ended once, and tomyng worke gan rest,  
 And I a land wherein to walle, my greuous paine posselt.  
 Naught els saue weepe I would, no: from, myne eges a smaller howter,  
 Did fhowe: then when the Sp:ing time warme, doth winter snow denowter.  
 My house and Rome remember I, with want of wonted place,  
 And what former thing of mine, doth Citty least embrace.  
 O heauy chaunce so oft alas, as I haue knockt on gate,  
 Of greedy graue, but yet no time, cold enter in thereat.  
 Why haue I scapt so many swordes, so oft with theatning bread?  
 Why hath not sturpe storme ouerwhelmde, this my unhappye head?  
 O Gods whom I to wyathfull, and, in wyath to constant proue,  
 Pertakers of displeasers which, one only God doth moue.  
 Wast on prouoke I humbley pray, the lingring longed fates,  
 And let not death be able est, to shut his grisly gates.

¶ To his wyfe. Eleg. 3.

**I**f maruile ought (my louing wyfe) the minde perhappes detainne?  
 Why others hand these letters wroto: my sickenes caused payne.  
 In partes extreme of furthest lande, with feuer soye opprest,  
 Of wonted health I was almost, with deadly doubt distressed.

Cell.

What

What minde thinckes thou I had, when as, in Region rude I laye?  
 Betwene the Savvromes and the Getes, was forced here to strape?  
 The ayre thicke cold not be borne, nor waters vsed bee,  
 And land it selfe I know not how, to nature disagree.  
 No houses apt nor meate for such, whom sicknes doth agree,  
 Nor none that could by Whilke art, my deepe disease relee,  
 No frend that might my mind comfort, nor vyne with wordes awayne,  
 The lingring time : to passe with speede, and greuous paynes alaye.  
 Till tryed thus in furthest place, and landes my byding haue,  
 And eche thing clearly wantinge there, my longing mind do craue.  
 Yet though nothing my wylly did want, (O wyfe thou art most deare,)  
 And of my bzell thou dost possesse, and hold the place most neare.  
 To thee alone though absent farre, my voyce by name doth call,  
 No day but still of thee I heare, nor sound of ought at all.  
 And though oft times occasion moues, to speake of other things,  
 As mad my tongue thy name doth touch, and forth the same it bringe.  
 Yet though I sounded were and tongue, to mouth were fixt fast,  
 And that no drop of pleasant wyne, cold off the samit recure,  
 Yet hearing that my mistres deare, to presence should be brought,  
 I rouse my selfe: for hope and cause, of strength thereby is wrought.  
 While I in doubt of life remaine, thou passest pleasant daies,  
 Unweeting cleare of sorowes gaine, percase thou none assayes.  
 Yet dost thou not I dare, affirme: (O thou my dearest wyfe,)  
 In sorowes sad me absent far, thou leads thine only lyfe.  
 But when as fate my peares fulfilld, which it so ought of right,  
 And when as life my corpe hath left, and death performd his sight.  
 What tor should it be then (O Gods) to graunt to my desyre,  
 On natue ground to end my daies, and cooyle therein entyre.  
 O would that eether these my paynes, might yet haue had delaye,  
 Or els that halting death had come, before I past my waye.  
 In health not long ago it might, my life haue tane from mee,  
 But now an exile here to dye, these pardons graunted bee.  
 So far away shall we be forc, to dye in lande unknowen?  
 Or shal the place inforce my fate, with greater sorowes growen?  
 Shal not my corpe in wanted beds, consume with deadly wound?  
 Or shal there none my death betwyle, when leyde I am on ground?  
 Shal not my mistres soye teares, vpon my face let fall?  
 Nor shall the same with trowing sence, my time prolong at all?  
 Shal not I make my due requestes? nor at the latest crye?  
 With frendly hand shall she not shut, and close my passing eye?  
 But shal my head of funerals, bereft and noble graue?  
 And here in greedy ground be put, and no lamentinge haue?

Wilt thou not hearing this of mee, with minde amazed stande?  
 And farythfull brest with waighie strokes, will strike with fearefull hande?  
 Had hitherwards in baine although, the wofull armes stretch out?  
 And on the wretched husbans name, to crye will nothing doubt?  
 Per spare the cheekes (mine owne sweete hart) and touely lookes to rend,  
 This time not first that I from thee, was forye away to bend.  
 When as my countrey deare I lost, thinke then I did away,  
 The first and greatest death I do, esteeme the same away.  
 Now if thou can: which thou can not, (my best beloued wyfe,)  
 Reioyce my death the ende of woes, that so molested lyfe.  
 And would my soule with body might, consumed be in one,  
 So then no part from flasing flames, escaped be alone.  
 For if the spryte doth not depart, but flies aloft in skyes,  
 And that Pythagoras auncient sawes, as false we not dyspyse.  
 Why Romyne soule shal wander then, euen with the Sythian goss,  
 And eke among the furious speyts, shal byde alwayes at ost.  
 Yet cause that all my lifelesse boones, be put in one small pot,  
 So shal I not although now dead, an exile be, I wot.  
 For no man did forbyd, that when, Thioeles whilom slaine,  
 Antigones should burie him, though kinge denyde it plaine.  
 And mixe my boones with powder dyre, of sweete Ammomus tree,  
 And in the subberbes of the towne, let them reposed bee.  
 And letters great in Warble graude, with seemely verse deuises,  
 Which on my Combe the passers by, may well deserue with eyes.

E P I T A P H E.

HERE Nafes now beholde I lye, that wrote of tender loue,  
 A Poet learnd whose wits wer cause, that deth did him remoue,  
 And who so here a louer comes, saye thus, if paine be none,  
 God graunt that Nafes bones abide, in quiet rest eche one.

On Combe these shall suffice: but yet, my bookes shall longer byde,  
 As monuments of mee, which that, no tract of time shall hyde.  
 And those which Iurhor hurted haue, yet hope I through the same,  
 Why time shall more prolonged be, with much encrease of fame,  
 Yet on my coorse the due desertes, of funerale bellowe,  
 And on the watrye garlandes see, thy bitter teares do flowe.  
 And though the fyre doth my coorse, to ashes pale conuert,  
 Yet shal the soyre sparkes approue, the godly louinge hart.  
 And now receiue this last farewell, perhaps that I shal make,  
 The which although to thee I sende, my selfe cannot pertake.

C. liii.

To his.

## Ouid de tristibus,

¶ To his frende that he should eschewe the  
companye of great men.

Elegia .4.

O Deare in deepe alwayes to me, but in this time distressed,  
Now trusty tribe since myne estate, so soze hath been oppress,  
If ought thou do thy frend beleue, wel taught by practise ppoofe.  
Lure to thy selfe, from haughtie names, of might flee thou aloofe.  
Lure to thy selfe, and for thy power, great noblenes eschewe,  
Right noble is the Castell whence, this cruell lightning flewe.  
For though in handes of mighty men, to helpe alone it lye,  
They do not helpe but rather hurt, in worst wicked wyse.  
The ship whose sayle is stricken lowe, escapes the storme blast,  
But slacke sayle and bode extent, more feare then lesser tast.  
Thou seest how cozke with little waight, on top of water flectes,  
When heauy loade through passe, it selfe, and acts in bottome wettest.  
If I my selfe these warnings wyth, had warned beene of this,  
The towne where right doth wil me dwell, perhaps I should not mis.  
Whylst yet wyth thee I dwelt and whylst, the puppeting wind be put,  
His boate of myne through calmy seas, her quiet way she cut.  
Who falleth on euen ground (as scame, the same doth euer chaunce,)  
So fauls as when to earth he comes, may by againe aduance.  
But that pooze soule Elpenor fel, a downe from hight of hall,  
Whose mourneful spryte his king vnto, appeared after fall.  
What ment it then that Dedalus, his winges cold slicker safe?  
And Icarus to large seas, his name assyned gafe?  
For soth because aloft this one: that other flew belowe,  
For both of them did others winges, their lides vpon bestowe.  
Beleue me this who hidden well: hath lurkt, he liueth well,  
And eche man ought within his lot, to hym appointed dwell.  
Eumenides should not, beene shieldles, if his foolishe forme,  
Had not so much desired on, Achilles horse to romne.  
And Merops if to Phaeton, he father still had beene,  
His sonne in fyre, his daughters and, in trees should not haue scene.  
So thou likewise for euer feare, to losse matters hve,  
And draw together I thee pray, the sayles of purpose nye.  
For thou well woorthy art forthwith, vnspurned foote to romne,  
Thy course of life: and haue thy fate, more fauorable sponne.  
With gentle loue that I should pray, for thee thou dost deserue,  
And farythful faryth that wil from mee, at no time euer swerue.  
With countenance like my carefull case, I saw thee to lament,  
As wel it may beleued be, my face did represent.

I sawe

## The thirde booke

Folio. 21.

I saw thy teares with trickling fall, hypon my visage sad,  
Which all at once were poured forth, with trusty wordes thou had.  
Now thou also thy frend remoude, with diligence defends,  
And its which scant may eased be, with myrigating mends.  
All boide of enuye see thou liue, without renoune dispatch,  
Thy reares in quiet and thy selfe, with equal friendship match.  
And loue the name of Naso thine, which thing is yet alone,  
Unbanished remaines, the rest, in Sychia seas be gone.  
In lande which neereft iopnes to starre, of Erymanthus beare,  
I hyde: where frost congeled hard, the ground with cold do ceare.  
The Bosphor streame and Tanais, with other lakes there bee,  
In Sychia sea and names a fewe, of place I haue knownen to mee.  
And eke there is nothing saue cold, which none can safely byde,  
Was how neare the furthest land, appocheeth to my syde.  
But far away my countrey is, and far my dearest wyfe,  
And what thing els besydes these two, was pleasant in my life?  
Euen so these thinges be absent as, the same I cannot get,  
In body: but in minde they may, be all beholdeed yet.  
Besore mine eyes my house and towne, and forme of places thowe,  
And euery place together with, their deedes I shortly know.  
Besore mine eyes like as my wyfe, in present shape appeares,  
Whate she greuous pisseth downe, and by againe she reares.  
She absent greues, but lighter makes, that lasting loue she lends,  
And heauy charge hypon her layd, she constantly defends.  
So you (O frends) full firmlye sticke, within my fixed hart,  
Whom I desyre to speake vnto, by eche mans name apart.  
But fainting feare that is beware, my dutye due doth let,  
And you I thinke bittwilling would, within my verse be set.  
Bfore you would and did regard, it as thy loue most kinde,  
That in my verse the Reader might, your names so placed finde.  
Which thing because is doubtful now, in secreete best eche one,  
I hat talke with and wil be cause, of quaking feare to none.  
For in my verse my hidden frendes, betraying forth I wil,  
Expresse: if any priuely, haue loued lone he still.  
Know this although in Region farre, is now my resting place,  
With all my hart you inwardly, I euermore embrace.  
And by such meanes as eche man may, releue my ills I pray,  
Pour faithfull hand to frend bitcast, in griefe do not denaye.  
So prosper fortune vnto you, and happy still remaine,  
Is neuer in like lot the same, to aske ye may be faine.

To his

## Ouid de tristibus.

¶ To his frende. Eleg. 5.

O woe of frendshipp hath berne such, that thou with little shame,  
Through final acquaintance growen before, might wel haue clocke the  
In former bands of frendshipp I am, vnlesse thou hadst berne tyme, (same.  
When that my shippe on safer streame, with happie winde did lyde.  
But when I fell: eche man for feare, did shun my deepe decaye,  
And wonted frends their wilge backs, from me they turne awaye.  
Yet were thou bound my blasted boones, with slash of loue his eye,  
To touch; and to my heauy house, with willing minde retyre.  
That thou but lately knowen perforce me, myne elder mates refraine,  
Of whom skant two or three that now, to me poore wretch remainde,  
The foyre lookes my selfe I sawe, and gaue to them regarde,  
The face with teares like myne embryde, and palenes wel nere marde.  
The doolefull drops I beare in minde, and wofull woordes eche one,  
In mouth the teares, in eares the woordes, full deepe now be gone.  
My naked necke with heauy armes, thou frendlye didst embrace,  
With sitting sobbes did kisses heape, vppon my feareful face.  
Yea absent now (O frend) I am, by force of thee protected,  
Thou knowest that (frende) the name includes, which may not be detected.  
And many tokens more I marcht, of thy vncloued loue,  
Which in my brest I keepe full cloose, and shall not thence remoue.  
God graunt thou may in quiet state, the frendes defend, alwaye,  
Whom nowe in better case thou helpest, of paynes to haue allaye.  
Yet if that any shall enquire (as like they wil do sone)  
What life I leade in this meane space, be fortune all fordone.  
Saye that some litle hope I haue, that Gods will graunt more grace,  
From which do not withdraw thine ayde, if thou dost come in place.  
And whether it I wrongfull craue, or that I do deserue,  
In what thou may helpe thou therto, and do not lightly sweue.  
And toke what skill in conning speech, thou learned hast before,  
Here on see that thou dost bestowe, to helpe my cause the more.  
Howe much a man more noble is, so much more free from ire,  
In valiant hartis is souerayn quench, the rage of furies fire.  
It doth suffice the Lyon force to see his enemye pelde,  
And not to see the couching foe, that prostrate lyes in filde.  
Yet doth the Wolfe and Beare dispose, the yelding pray in place,  
And eke the other brutish beast, that springes of ruder race.  
For what then great Achill was had, in more renowned fame?  
And he at Troye olde Priams teares, did not behold for shame.  
Of Alexanders merces great, full sure recoode we haue,  
The noble Pharos which doth stand, depainted on his graue,

I know



I know the rage of noble mindes, to merce lightly god,  
 For Iuno sonne in lawe he is, that was her mortall foe.  
 In fine: of grace no signes I see, that driues me to distrust,  
 For that my fault no death deserues, of lawes that be so iust.  
 I haue not sought Augustus life, with treason vile to slay,  
 Of totall earth the onely head, to whom all men obey.  
 I nought haue said nor babling tongue, haue spoken ought amis,  
 If I thereto: offended haue, the weene the causer is.  
 My guiltlesse sight my payne haue wrought, which I thereto: do blame,  
 From looking eyes my grieue doth grow, euen thus proceeds the same.  
 Yet can I not my sondrye crimes, defend against all right,  
 But part of them is error plaine, and worde of wilful spight.  
 This hope thereto: remaigneth yet, in time to get such grace,  
 So shall my paynes procure reliefe, by force of chaunged place.  
 Would to mee by shyning starre, which shewes before the sonne,  
 It resting redde with hoile let go, this message might be don.

To his most familiar frende,  
 Elegia. 6.

Oure league of loue (O dearest friend) in firmest friendship knit,  
 Thou wilt not no, if happie would, thou canst dissemble it.  
 To me so longe as lawfull was, none other stood neare deare,  
 Nor any was in all that towne, with mee contemnd so neare.  
 This loue amonge the people thicke, so openly was blouen,  
 That almost more then thou or I, the same appeared known.  
 And kindnes thine of gentle hart, vnto thy friend are prest,  
 The man had throughly tryed whom, thou dost loue about the rest.  
 Nothing thou couldst so couert keepe, but I of counsaile was,  
 And sondrye secretes beare in brest, in common norto pass.  
 Thou onely wert the man from whom, no priuetye I hidde,  
 (That one except alas) which me all bitterly vndidde.  
 Which hadst thou wilt thy fellow should, in sauegard thee haue serued,  
 And hold (O friend) through thy aduise, from sauety neuer serued.  
 But me my desines dire did draw, vnto this passing paine,  
 They surely shut eche way to mee, that profite could containe.  
 And whether I this mischiefe might, in being ware aborde,  
 Or els the way which desines wil, by no meanes be destroyde.  
 Yet thou to vs that fixed art, with long acquaintance fast,  
 We nere art greatest part I want, of all my pleasures past.  
 Remember now if fauor can, thy power ought increase,  
 To proue what it for me may do, we pray the neuer cease.

That

That godhead once offended would, his anger somewhat calme.  
 That place appointed chaunged eke, might partly ease my paine.  
 That if with stunnfull wickednes, my best do not abound,  
 And erroz be beginner of, my chiefe accusing sound.  
 My minde as his most hurtful wound, doth feare that stlye time,  
 The grieve againe renueth eke, remembryng of the crime.  
 And what fouer able is, me wryth such shame to spight,  
 It should behoue it hidden were in darke some closed night.  
 Thought els therfore declare I will, saue onely sinnd I haue,  
 But in such sin no riche reward, noz other gaine to craue.  
 And this my fault men rightly may, and ought my follye name,  
 If very names and true to things, they aptly seeke to frame.  
 Which if they be not euen so, then looke the furthest cost,  
 For my abode, let this land be, my subberbest vitermost.

¶ To his daughter. Eleg. 7.

**Y** Du wrytten letters now prepare, the Harolds of my minde,  
 To see Perhilla how she fares, wryth hast I haue asinde,  
 Thou shalt her finde, full sadlye set, fast by her mother sweete,  
 Or els among her bookes alone, and learned muses meete.  
 But when she knowes that thou art come, (all studyes set aside),  
 What thinge I do she will demaunde, and in what state I bide.  
 Then shalt thou say I liue although, not so as liue I would,  
 Noz tract of time hath brought reliefe, as hope hath hopt it should.  
 To muses yet (though hurt they haue) againe I do retyre,  
 And verses eke of wrytten words, to make I haue desyre.  
 But tell me now, to studyes old, dost thou thy minde applye?  
 To learned verse thy father like, wilt thou thy selfe affye?  
 For nature with the frendly fates, hath geuen the maners chaste,  
 And sondry giftes but rarely scene, with wit good store thou hast.  
 To Pegace pleasant springes, my selfe, of purpose brought the furst,  
 Least that the baine of facound speache, might perishe els for thurst.  
 In chastest yeares I noted well, the aptnes of the braine,  
 And as thy father did the gide, the way to learning plaine.  
 Euen then I saye (but loue perhaps, wryth time is giuen away)  
 A passing loue to thee I had, which hardly could decay.  
 Wherefore if selfe same sparkes of wit, in the do still remayne,  
 But onely Sappoes learned woordes, shall thine in skil disayne.  
 And nowe I feare least my mishaps, might thee percase appall,  
 Or through the same some dolens may, within thy breast befall.

Whyte

While time did serue thy beere to mee, and mine to thee I wrote,  
 And now as Iudge I was, and now, as tutor I the leade,  
 O! els sometimes with beere made, chine eares I did appoyne,  
 O! finding fault: in blushing cheekes, the bloude sometimes did mone,  
 Al the me perchaunce for that my bookes, haue hindered me to soye,  
 For teare of the mischaunce thou wilt, the studies leaue therefore,  
 Rage feare thou not Perilla deare, this doubting dyed remote,  
 So that no man of that thy beere, nor woman learne to loue,  
 Yet slouth therefore alwayes asyde (O thou most learned dame,) sitte  
 To sacred loze and Iudges to rue, let it not thee ashaue,  
 The fauor fresh with beuty fraught, shall fade in longer space,  
 And twinkled age shall then appeare, bypon thine elder face,  
 When eluise ead bypon the shape, both done her force and might,  
 Who still dawns neare with sleithye steps, to worke the greuous wight,  
 It wil the greue when some shal say, this wight she hath borne fayre,  
 And looking in the wonted glasse, for sorrowe shall despayre,  
 Thou hast of wealth a metely minde, yet dost deserue much more,  
 Enriche thy noble wit likewise, with like abundant store,  
 For fortune doth both geue and take, and chaunge eche mans estate,  
 And Hirus now he is become, that Cresus was but late,  
 What needes more wordes? all mortall goodes, be lightly spent and gone,  
 Shoue those which in the best be hid, and ininde except alone,  
 Lo while of house and countrie both, and thee I was bereft,  
 And of eche other thinge depriude, and naught at all was left,  
 My wittes my mates they left, although, I did enioy them still,  
 Of them no right could Cesar serue, wherby to worke his will,  
 Eche man by force of cruell sword, my life may some depriue,  
 Yet shall my fame though I be dead, some tyme alwayes aliue,  
 While martiall Rome shal mountaignes seuen, the conquered world beholds,  
 My learned workes shal shal be read, and fame for aye be told,  
 And thou also that happier be, of studies dost enioy,  
 In what thou may see hastling death, which earthly life destroye.

¶ He desyreth to see his frendes and countrie.

## Elegia .8.

**N**owe would I wishe I might asende, on Triptolemus carte,  
 Who first with seedes on earth to sow, hath taught the skilful arte,  
 Now would I tane the monsters fell, the which Medea sad,  
 Then flying from the lofty tower, of the Corinthea had.

Now

Not to wold I wylde to see on hygh, and fyghe fethers talke, with what  
 The which thow Parkes whithon had, or Dedalus dylt make, as when he  
 That flickyng wylde thes wyghte banyng, aloft in fmyll faye, from the  
 I myghte to fyt wylde by meane thet of, my nature grounde clype.  
 My foyr houle and faithfull frende, fould fow fyghe appeare, my wylde  
 And chieflye the my louing wyfe, whom I accompt moft deare.  
 But why wylde chylde the wylde wylde, thou fouldst the thes do trauele  
 Which neuer thow before time had, nor yet that after haue.  
 But if thou wylde thy prayers make, on Cafar them beftowes, as thou wylde  
 Who is the myghte God in heade, the felfe by goodes do knowe.  
 He may to the thes fperde wynges, and wheyde chariots lende, and  
 That wylde the fpyng foules thou maye, in the wylde contende.  
 If thes I afke (no greater gyfte) may none requyred be,  
 So fhall my prayers feeme more lurge, then tefon graunts to mee.  
 In time to come perhaps, although, and aiger all remoude, my wylde  
 Wylde careful in ad requyred then, to the thes be honoure.  
 The whylt this fmyll fmyll faye, I craue wylde humble harte,  
 That from this lande where I may, by thy grace free depart.  
 The age fould and water fould, my nature fould doth hate,  
 And laud it felfe my bodye binds, in depe difeafed ftate.  
 For ether doth my troublid minde, the hote foyr moft  
 For the countrey begeth the grefe, wylde thes wylde diftrefte.  
 So fone as I to Poenu come, wylde thes wylde fymme, as thou wylde  
 My felfe from boones is felfe, fould wylde thes wylde meate hath not releue.  
 And loke what couler pale and wylde, upon the foyr do fhewe,  
 When winter froft begetteth felfe, and Borias blaft to blowe.  
 Such old and wylde ceared hute, my wylde do pefake,  
 For caufe of laude complayning grefe, my painful minde fould faye.  
 For in wylde fould faye my minde, then bodye do remaine,  
 But both at once difeafed be, wylde thes of felfe thes wylde  
 Before my eyes me thinkes I fee, an fmyll fande in fyghe,  
 Which reprentes my felfe faye, and wylde wylde care affyghe.  
 Such loue of death my byll affaults, my felfe by force to kill,  
 Wylde Cafar feeketh not wylde fwyde, on mee to wylde his wylle.  
 And fith not force but gentle hate, thys long hath brought out grefe,  
 Through chaunged place God graunt we may, of him obayne reliefe.

¶ Why Tomos was fo called.

Eleg. 9.

L here fome Greken Cittyes be, (who woulde be the fames)  
 And yet amonge the Nations rude, are knowne by barbarous names.  
 And

And to Myletus his brother, the wisest man was did call,  
 On Cera ground at last they layd, and Crete the holles made,  
 Pea this towne the the same hope old, and elder for me is known,  
 And of Absires trust death, a proper name is growne.  
 The flying shippes through curious care, of mariall Pallas wrought,  
 At first these struggling streames assaue, before their neuer sought,  
 The wiche's might Medea here, frant father lying fast,  
 For rowing dywes bypan this coast, (then laye the first time cast)  
 The gazing stranger standing by, respecting seas by towne,  
 Discrying shippes adre, quoth he, (yeu Colchean sayles I know)  
 While shipmen there by dyd did quake, and by the cables cast,  
 And while the anker by to weye, their fratefull hande made fast,  
 The gutte galle with crafty hande, did strike of Colchean best,  
 Whose hardy hand grea hurt hath wrought, and dyd medea best,  
 And though with in this maydens minde, hight courage dyd reme,  
 Much perill pallas yet thereto, in face appeared playne,  
 When hasting shippes with speedy pace, to drawe more nere the speede,  
 By craft we mist my father flee, (we are betrayde) the speede,  
 While the fos comfell paused then, and loke round about,  
 In sight at last her brother sawe, and her deppost doubt,  
 Whom when she spide, forthwith she spide: I sawe by wetting,  
 My brothers death the cause made, but safer to procure,  
 He all bewares and beweing nought, her tancered cruel sight,  
 Into his syde her bloudy sword, she thrust with raging might,  
 Her blacke placke backe from gozed syde, she tein with ruthles wound,  
 And members made in peeces small, she cast about the ground,  
 And that her father might this knowe, she roche adre the sound,  
 His wofull hande and bloode head, with slough the sword fast,  
 With warling new her aged syde, so this did make delay,  
 And sobbing by the flethe toke by, she faste came away,  
 Hereof this towne is Tomic sight, for that bypon this syde,  
 The sister did her brothers corpe, in some partes dispose.

¶ Wyth what Nations holmes the Eleg. 10

If any there remember yet, mee Natio sent away,  
 And in the Cere vord of mee, my name remaning stay,  
 Knowe he in myde of Barbary, and blisful man I pray,  
 Where fixed starres do henee house, by sibiles gods benedict,  
 The Savvromate a Nation here, the Sennans and the Ceres,  
 Wyth manye more, they are the best, and best have their state.



Yet while the weather dureth warme, to lye our bettre,  
 He with his liquid waters warme, repelles the boate hence,  
 But when thumplesant winter comes, putt out his boyle face,  
 And all the lande be sprinkled white, to marke frost great place,  
 While Borias blowes and while the snow, leath cast from Southern poole,  
 Then is it playing these people are, opposed with plants coole,  
 The snow doth lye, which longer can no Sunne, or flowers show,  
 That freezing bladd wher in we lye, to freezing Chastell growe,  
 And on the first bunnelted yet, an other faig as fast,  
 In diuers places wound and twise twelue monthen whole last,  
 So hideous force hath violen winds, from Northward betten sent,  
 The losse of Tempers is equal toen with ground, and houses rent,  
 With manies made of heare Sunne, as pelt the faruent coole,  
 And onig of their habers all, their faces open bound,  
 Their huddles off with life drops, no make o tinkeling dune,  
 Their beards with frost be bright embuide all boare at their chune,  
 The clearest weat in forme stand by, like shards of chimeren teyle,  
 For draughts the dytche be gladly wil, with goblets thus begyle,  
 What should I tell, who riuers all, with coole congeated stand,  
 And howe the dytche waters be, cast by with digging hand,  
 The same as througher then the streame of Nyxus bearing race,  
 Which paret into hundre gulfes, in haddes beate no space,  
 This likethen with porching blades, his bluish liquor heape,  
 And com in secret silent wayes, to sin in covert creepe,  
 Now may you seele walke on foote, where hyggen late palling had,  
 Werth could conuoye a water bracke, the bounde boate fast adunad,  
 And by such pathes as wale buile, on undredgong streame,  
 Sarmaria open in bounde wayes, diuine forth with stretched leane,  
 Forsooth I shall thane be deloued, but if wether of lye,  
 Be any there no witness ought, that leane is raffe,  
 The Largie freat with felle me late, stand still and neuer flowe,  
 And slippery shyn did under heape, inuenerd farges lout,  
 For so comitted to haue fene, the hardened seas we trode,  
 When upmost waves beneath my feet, not weerting them afope,  
 If such a one shyn had bene, to the Lader lunde,  
 In narrow seas no fault the death, or cause of crime could finde,  
 Then whether can the Dolphin lye, in springing eye attaine,  
 Whom forcing fast aloft to ship, hath winter hard restraine,  
 And though fir Borias blustering hurle, with winged wind displayed,  
 No surging billow hounth by, from shallow fureles leade,  
 The picked pups inclosed fliche, in Marble as a weate,  
 No strugling ewres through frosts floud, their course are able shre.





Grants D Sp.